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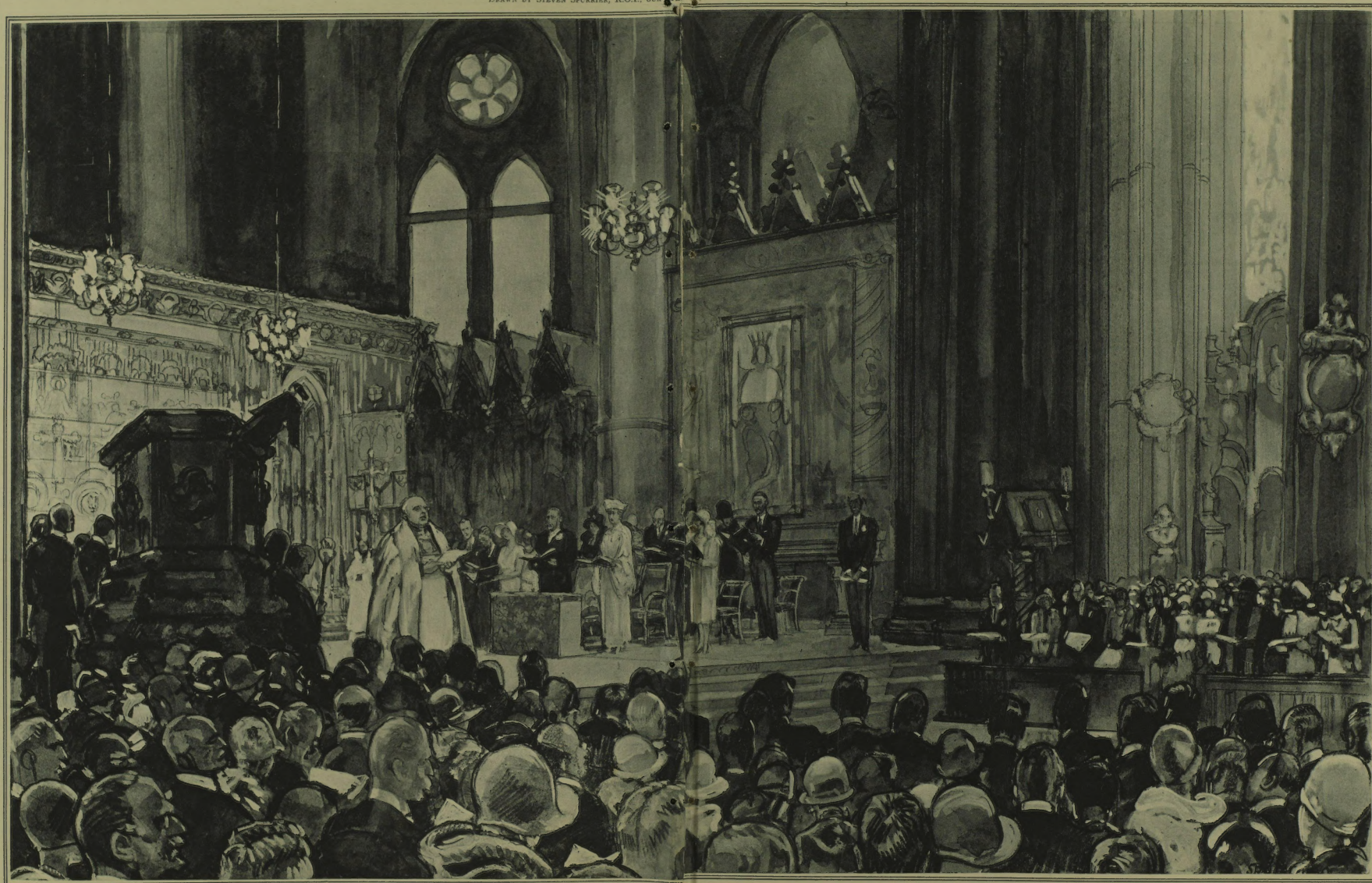
AFTER THE "SACRIFICE OF THANKSGIVING": THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN THEIR CARRIAGE AT THE ABBEY—WITH OTHERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE DOORWAY.

By the side of the carriage the Dean of Westminster is standing. In the doorway the Duke and Duchess of York are seen as the third and fourth figures from the left; Prince George is next; and then come the Princess Royal, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Mary, Princess Victoria, and Viscount Lascelles. On their arrival at the Abbey, their Majesties, preceded by the Abbey Cross, Canons and Minor Canons, the Archbishop of Canterbury with his Cross carried before him, and the Dean of Westminster, and accompanied by Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and Prince George, walked in procession along the Nave and the Choir into the Presbytery. At the conclusion of the

service there was another procession, to the Great West Door, the King bowing to right and to left; while the congregation and the choir sang "Jerusalem"—"And did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green?" On the Monday, it was officially announced from Buckingham Palace: "The King was not fatigued by the ceremony of the Thanksgiving Service. Though his Majesty's general health is good, the condition of the sinus in the right chest has not made satisfactory progress. In order to gain the assistance of a further X-ray examination, his Majesty's departure for Sandringham has been postponed for a short period." This bulletin was signed by four doctors.

THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE KING: THE SCENE IN THE ABBEY.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. OUR ARTIST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"GOD SAVE THE KING! GOD SAVE THIS REALM! GOD GIVE US THANKS!": THEIR MAJESTIES AMIDST THE "BEAUTY OF HOLINESS," ON JULY 7.

The postponed "Service of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for His good Providence whereby our Most Gracious Sovereign has been delivered from illness to the comfort of the whole Realm and for the signal love and loyalty of his people made manifest in the time of trouble" was held in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, July 7. In addition to the King and Queen, there were present the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince George, Princess Mary, the Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Connaught, and Viscount Lascelles. The service itself, the Form and Order which we gave in our last number, was fittingly simple; for the occasion was not one for pomp. The King himself, indeed, described it well when he wrote, in his message to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "The King returned from Westminster with feelings of thankfulness and satisfaction that his earnest desire to join with his people in an act of thanksgiving has been accomplished; and to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and all who were responsible for compiling and carrying out the special service his Majesty desires to express his heartfelt gratitude. The whole ceremony displayed reverence, dignity, and a 'beauty of holiness' which, with the setting of the glorious Abbey, seemed to complete that 'sacrifice of thanksgiving' offered by the King and his people for 'all the benefits received' at the hand of God." The Abbey Service, it may be added, was broadcast, so that millions of people in this country and in the Empire had the chance of hearing it; and it may be taken also that there were many foreign listeners. It is also interesting to note that in a good number of churches special arrangements were made for the reception of the service broadcast from the Abbey. As to the congregation in the Abbey itself, there were a certain number of places reserved, but, with the exception of seats allotted to boys of Westminster School, the whole of the Nave was open to non ticket-holders. Their Majesties, as our drawing shows, were seated before a prie-dieu.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just been looking at an interesting American publication, called "Freedom," devoted to the study of the Prohibition problem. It is, indeed, definitely partisan, being opposed to Prohibition, as its name implies. But it is interesting merely as a document and compilation of details. It gives a great many of the Prohibitionist, as well as the Anti-Prohibitionist statements and arguments. And, in truth, I am inclined to think that stating the Prohibitionist arguments is one of the best ways of attacking Prohibition.

With most of them I have been long familiar; with the familiarity which does, indeed, breed contempt. But they are here in a compact and convenient form, and it may be well to glance at a few of them in order. They fall under three or four general headings, some of them being material, not to say materialistic; others being moral, or rather concerned with the subject of morals. Others again are purely sentimental, in the sense of appealing to particular cases without any pretence that they make a general social case. Others are of the nature of personal recrimination and are concerned with quarrels purely local, not to say provincial. I do not profess to put them here in any strict logical order; and some of them are rather difficult to state logically, even so as to show that they are illogical. But I will take only a few of them as they come.

First, there are arguments for Prohibition that can no longer be used even by Prohibitionists. They have recoiled upon their original authors in the queerest and most grotesque fashion. When the great enactment was first enacted, we were told that there would be an immense reduction of crime. Almost before the thing had got started, we were even told that there *had* been a great reduction of crime. There is a remarkable silence to-day about that side of the coercionist argument. At least there was a silence about it, until the first of American citizens, the President, himself of the Prohibitionist party (very much to his honour) broke the silence and the argument at one blow. Everyone knows the astonishing words in which Mr. Hoover lately declared, not only that crime had grown to the craziest proportions in his country, as compared with older countries like our own, but distinctly stated that it had so increased since Prohibition and apparently because of Prohibition. Anyone who wishes to be more Prohibitionist than the Prohibitionist President can, if he likes, accuse Mr. Hoover of wantonly telling lies against the credit of his own country and the cause of his own party. But I shall be justified in saying, I think, that it would be impossible to find a more responsible, a more realistic, or a more reluctant witness.

Then there is an argument recorded in the paper before me, which I have come across in Prohibitionist papers in England. It is very simple. It consists of accusing everybody of being brewers or whisky-distillers or wine-merchants, as the only possible explanation of their defending the use of things like wine. I am myself, no doubt, an enormously wealthy brewer in disguise; and I have little difficulty

in supposing that my old antagonist Dean Inge (who has written some splendidly sensible things on this subject) is himself the proprietor of an illicit still, or possibly lives on the proceeds of wine-vaults under St. Paul's. As the thoughtful argument is stated here, by one of the Prohibitionist thinkers: "What I should like to get hold of is the amount of money being contributed by the whisky men of England, the wine men of France, the beer men of Germany, to promote the breaking of our laws." I only pause

madness; and the crown of lunacy would still belong to a man who said that anybody who went on wearing a hat must be a hatter. We should not have to look far for somebody a good deal madder than a Mad Hatter.

The custom of drinking fermented liquor is an ancient, normal, and nearly universal custom of mankind, and rather especially of the most civilised part of mankind. Anybody who chooses to do without it is perfectly within his rights, as he is when he is a Jew and does without pork. But no Jew was ever such a fool as to say that ordinary Gentiles only continue to eat pork because they all have a commercial interest as pork-butchers. And this absurd argument is part of the larger argument which rests on the incapacity to understand the relations between a novelty and a normality: in deference to a rather doubtful Prohibitionist in the past, perhaps I should say a normalcy. This larger argument, if it can be called an argument, consists in the amazing delusion that all moral idealists must be Prohibitionists. In other words, it consists of the incredible idea that most men are really ashamed of drinking beer. It would be as sensible for the vegetarian to suppose that most men are ashamed of eating beef. A man in a minority may think he is right; he may even turn out to be right; but if he really supposes that the majority thinks it is wrong, then he is in a minority of one; he is mad.

Then there is the argument which many think the most plausible and which I think by far the most perilous, not to say poisonous. It may be called the employers' argument; which is expressed politely in the form of output and a hundred per cent. efficiency, and practically in the form of getting more work out of the worker. Our experience of the fate of Prohibitionist arguments would justify us in doubting the fact in any case, and suspecting that it would vanish under examination as completely as the argument from crime has admittedly vanished. But it is the sort of thing that I distrust quite as much when it is a fact as when it is a fable. What I distrust is the philosophy behind it; because it is the pagan philosophy of slavery.

A pagan slave-owner said that slaves should be either working or sleeping. The modern pagans have extended their knowledge of hygiene, and often admit that other things are healthy besides sleep. Some of them will even admit that holidays are healthy; some of them even set up gymnasiums or encourage organised games—so long as they are allowed to organise them. But they have the same ethics as the old pagans; because the object of the slaves' health is the slaves' work. Just as the old slave had to sleep in order to work, the new slave may have to rest in order to work. But he must not do anything entirely for his own pleasure, for fun or the fulfilment of himself. And if you wish to test whether such employers are interested in model employment except as a working model, the test is easy. Ask what they think about a thing like a glass of beer; which in fact does the workman no harm, but which does the employer no good. You will find the answer decisive and enlightening.

New Treasures from Tutankhamen's Tomb: Second Series.

IN our next issue we shall publish the second series of photographs and the second descriptive article dealing with the remarkable objects found in the Annexe to the Tomb of Tutankhamen. The photographs in question are of astonishing interest and depict—

THE KING'S "PLAY-BOX"; which has probably the "earliest automatic fastening."

THE KING'S IVORY BRACELET, with animals of the chase beautifully carved thereon.

THE KING'S "LIGHTER"; an ingenious contrivance for making fire.

THE KING'S SLING; used by Tutankhamen when he was a child.

Other articles of great domestic interest and of extraordinarily artistic design include—

A BEAUTIFUL SILVER POMEGRANATE VASE.

THE ROYAL HASSOCK; WITH POLYCHROME BEADWORK.

THE THREE - LEGGED STOOL, with legs of canine form.

THE CHAIR FROM THE ROYAL NURSERY; and COMPANION STOOL.

THE ELABORATE BED, with its original string webbing and its gold-plated foot panels.

THE STANDARD-MEASURE CASE.

Photographs of all these objects will be published for the first time in the issue of "The Illustrated London News" dated July 20. Readers who desire extra copies are advised to order them now.

upon this argument because it is an excellent example of the coercionists' incapacity to argue. There is in existence a band of enthusiasts that used to be known as the Hatless Brigade; who consider it more hygienic and natural to walk about without hats. When all morality has gone as mad as it has in the age of Prohibition, it is quite easy to imagine that this fad might harden into a fanaticism. Fashionable charlatans in the scientific world might prove that some general scourge like tuberculosis could be cured by enforced hatlessness, like smallpox by enforced vaccination. Cosmic moralists and makers of new religions might declare that the only church is the blue dome of heaven, and that we ought to remove our hats when standing under it. All sorts of arguments might be urged for the alleged improvement; and in the modern world of conscription and compulsory education it would be easily agreed that the improvement could only be made by force. But even in a mad world there are degrees of

THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT THE ABBEY: THE SIMPLE PROGRESS.



PASSING THE CENOTAPH: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES SALUTING THE GLORIOUS DEAD DURING THE PROGRESS ALONG WHITEHALL.



HIS MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF HIS PEOPLE: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER THE SOLEMN AND SIMPLE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING ON JULY 7.

The service in the Abbey was very simple, and a like simplicity marked the royal procession to Westminster and from it. Save for the customary turning out of the Guard, pageantry was absent as their Majesties, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, left Buckingham Palace for their drive along the Mall, the Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall, Parliament Street, St. Margaret's Street, and the Sanctuary. For all that, two hundred standard-bearers of the British Legion formed an avenue on the Horse Guards Parade, from the Guards' Memorial to the Archway leading into Whitehall, and colours were dipped as the royal carriage

passed. At the Horse Guards Archway, the Guard carried swords; and the Royal Salute was sounded by a Trumpeter. After the ceremony, the return was made along the same route, and again there were the heartiest and most sympathetic of greetings. Meanwhile, there had awaited outside the gates of Buckingham Palace a great crowd eager to welcome the King and Queen, and there was a mighty cheering as their Majesties stepped out upon the balcony. The National Anthem was sung; there were many hurrahs; and there was much waving of hats. Then, having shown themselves to the people, the King and Queen withdrew.

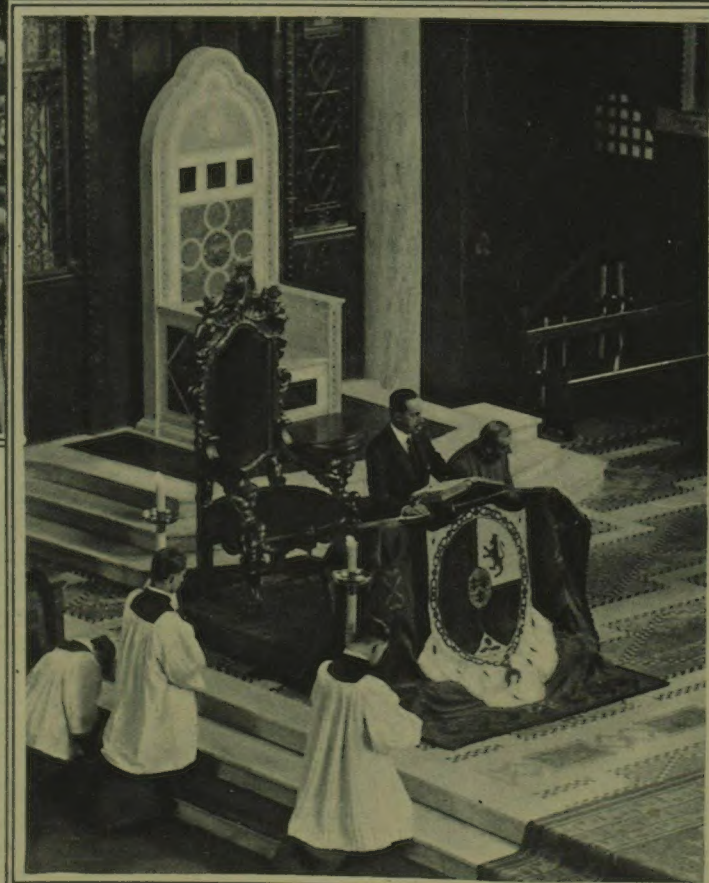
THE THANKSGIVING AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: THE HIGH MASS.

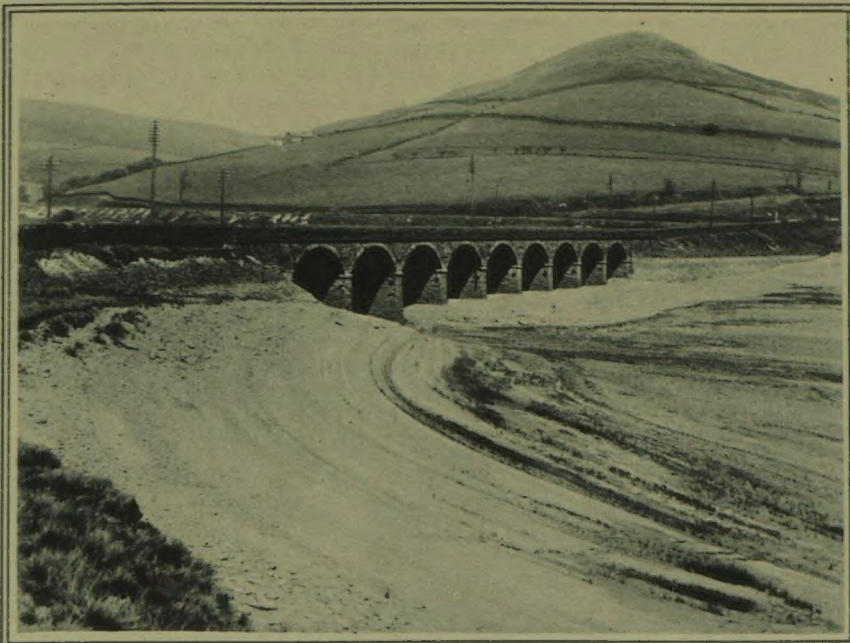


THE HIGH MASS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL AS A THANKSGIVING FOR THE KING'S RESTORATION TO HEALTH: THE SERVICE ATTENDED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SPAIN; AND KING ALFONSO AT HIS SEAT DURING THE SERVICE.

On July 7, the day of the solemn Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey, the churches of all denominations in the country gave their congregations the opportunity to join his Majesty in offering up thanks for his recovery. Many of the services followed the Form and Order used at the Abbey, but, obviously, differences were made, according to beliefs. The service at Westminster Cathedral took the form of a High Mass, attended by the King of Spain, who was received by Monsignor Howlett and a Guard of Honour of Boy Scouts of the Cardinal's Own Troop. Monsignor Collins, who is seen with King Alfonso in the smaller photograph, acted as his Majesty's chaplain. In the absence abroad of his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Bishop Butt officiated, assisted by Deacon Fr. Brewer. Included in the big congregation were many men and women famous in the Roman Catholic world, and several members of the Spanish Embassy.

King Alfonso was seated, as our larger photograph shows, to the left of the Altar.



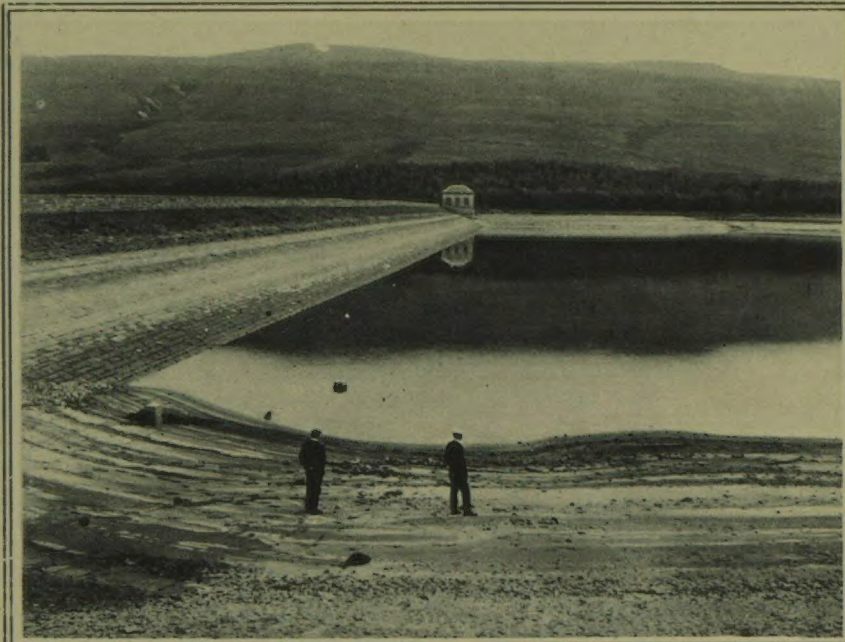


THE DROUGHT THAT PERSISTED FROM THE BEGINNING OF MAY: THE WOODHEAD RESERVOIR OF MANCHESTER'S WATER-SUPPLY, AT LONGDENDALE, IN THE PEAK DISTRICT, ALMOST DRIED UP.

To some extent, the great drought which persisted from the beginning of May was broken on July 4, but there has been by no means enough rain to satisfy farmers, market gardeners, and those responsible for municipal water-supplies. The two photographs given above are significant. The Woodhead Reservoir, some twenty miles from Manchester, is shown almost dried up. In

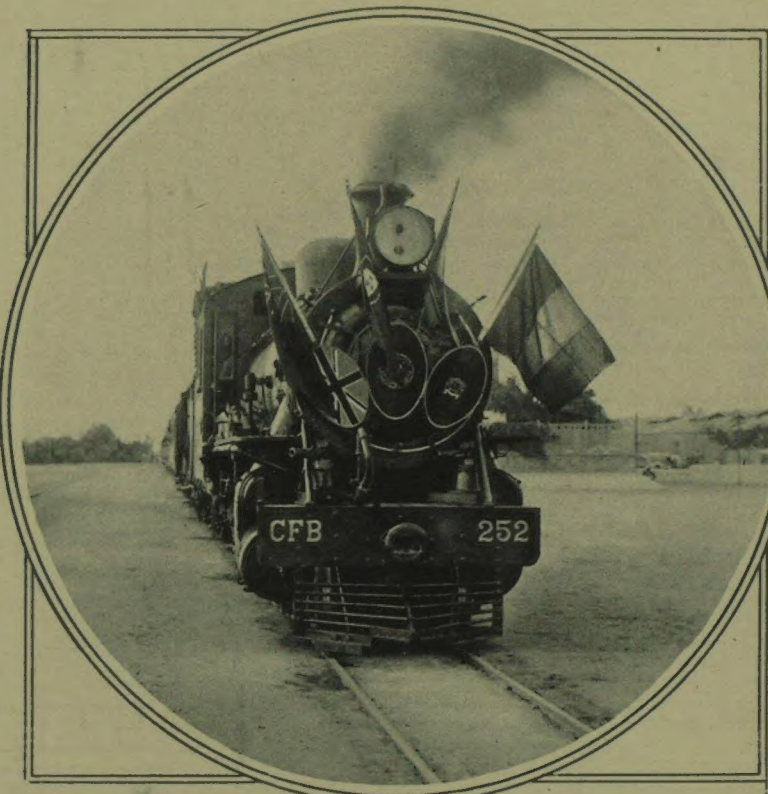
[Continued opposite.]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE DROUGHT: A SIGNIFICANT SCENE NEAR THE GREAT DAM AT CATCLEUGH, WHENCE COMES NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE'S WATER-SUPPLY—THE WATER SOME 12 FEET BELOW ITS NORMAL LEVEL.

normal times it is a lake a mile and a-half long; and in 1927 the water reached the top of the arches, and in some parts was 40 feet deep. When the second photograph was taken, there was no immediate danger of water-shortage at Newcastle-on-Tyne; for the storage-surface is very great. The picture was taken near the great Dam at Catcleugh, near Carter Bar, in the Cheviots.



THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE BENGUELA RAILWAY: THE DECORATED ENGINE OF THE INAUGURATION "SPECIAL," ON JUNE 10.

The formal opening of the Benguela Railway took place at Luao, on Monday, June 10, the Portuguese Minister for the Colonies officiating, in the presence of Prince Arthur of Connaught and a distinguished gathering. Luao is on the Angola-Belgian Congo border. It is the last point on the line, which starts over eight hundred miles away, at Benguela and Lobito Bay,



THE OPENING OF THE BENGUELA RAILWAY: THE LIVELY SCENE AT BENGUELA WHEN THE INAUGURATION "SPECIAL" STOPPED WHILE ON ITS WAY TO THE BORDER.

on the coast. In time, when the Belgians have finished the line they are constructing across their territory from Luao to the existing railway from the Cape, there will be direct communication between the very important Katanga area, the sea—and the outer world. The whole undertaking is a first-rate example of British enterprise.



THE DOWNFALL OF KING AMANULLAH OF AFGHANISTAN: THE EX-KING, WITH THE EX-QUEEN SOURIYA AND ONE OF THEIR SONS, ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT MARSEILLES.

The ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan, accompanied by his Queen Souriya and seven of their children, arrived at Marseilles on Saturday, July 6, in the P. and O. liner "Mooltan," accompanied by five close relatives. Amongst the children was the six-weeks-old Princess Hindia, who



THE ROYAL FLIGHT FROM AFGHANISTAN: EX-QUEEN SOURIYA, WITH ONE OF HER SONS, PHOTOGRAPHED AT MARSEILLES ON JULY 6.

was carried by an English nurse. Ex-King Amanullah's other son, the ex-heir to the throne, was in Paris at the time. It was then understood that it was Amanullah's intention to go to Rome within a few days. He said that he thought Nadir Khan would win in Afghanistan.

"THREE MUSKETEERS OF MODERN ITALY"—AND THE CAMORRA.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE MEN OF SILENCE": By LOUIS FORGIONE.*

(PUBLISHED BY J. M. DENT AND SONS.)

ON the morning of June the sixth, 1906, the body of Maria Cuocolo, *'a Bella Sorrentina*, was sprawled across her bed in the Avellini palazzo, Via Nardones, Naples, red and terrible; and there were thirteen dagger wounds, triangle-shaped. Her husband was missing. A clear case of uxoricide, argued officialdom.

Then came a report. "A man's body has been found this morning at Torre del Greco. It has been identified as Gennaro Cuocolo, of No. 95, Via Nardones." Here, too, were dagger wounds; forty-seven of them, and triangle-shaped.

Ventimiglia, the *Delegato*, questioned; but nothing had been seen, nothing heard. Doubtless, the enemy was the *Omertà*, the code of "Honourable Silence." An affair between individuals is personal and private!

The three-cornered wounds suggested the execution blade of the Camorra; and there were other significant clues, with a seeming "Traitor's Blow." "But what of it? Wasn't the Camorra a thing of the past?"

There were those who wondered; but investigation pursued its normal way. There were interrogations; names were murmured; an anonymous letter babbled of a strange tavern supper-party on the night of the killing, and of one who said: "It is done"; was wine, and went away. There were arrests on suspicion.

would be helpless, for it would lose the one omnipotent tool which it has habitually employed for its nefarious ends." Nor did he fail to emphasise his conviction that *camorristi*, descendants of those who were initiated with blood and with mummery of poignard, pistol, and poisoned cup, still secreted the knives of identification, still communicated by sign and code, and still practised every sin known to the Newgate Calendar and its kind, plus unblushing blackmail and a usury even Shylock would have shunned; preying with impunity because they had fellows in the seats of the mighty and because, where they did not bribe, they terrorised. At best, Authority fought with hands fettered by fear!

Fabbroni probed persistently among the archives, to widen and spread the net; Farris, as a man of fashion, son of a Sardinian landowner, entered "the charmed circle of Neapolitan aristocracy"; Capezzutti sank into the underworld—as Gaetano Serra, a brigand leader who had been shot dead by the Carabinieri in Sardinia, but was "in hiding" to those of the *mala vita*.

All ran hourly risks; but those of Capezzutti were as those of the old playhouses of the Surrey side! Were they not vouched for, few would deem them more than mere figments of a melodramatist's fancy.

The *Maresciallo*, this *carabiniere* who might have been

Capezzutti persevered. He was "in," although not quite "of." He saw the "School for Crime," very like Fagin's, with bell-hung doll and living mannequin to be robbed by pilfering pupils; he heard of "Tongues of the Camorra" who could carry messages even from the deepest dungeon, and of "Eyes of the Camorra" who watched for danger when their masters were at their fell tasks. But the time was not yet.

And meanwhile, it is written, the Camorristi were becoming nervous. The undiscovered Carabinieri whose barrack-room they had ransacked in vain. Where was he? What was he doing? What proofs had he? And had not the sacred blood of Saint Januarius failed to boil on the accustomed day! Something terrible must happen!

Capezzutti lent money to Abbatemaggio, and the ex-coachman went to a farm near Caserta. There, in the early days of 1907, he married his *fidanzata*. Capezzutti was invited to the wedding party. He attended—in his full uniform as *Maresciallo*—and with him were a faithful five.

Abbatemaggio was fascinated and afraid; Abbatemaggio, who was to fight in the Great War, to be scarred and be-medalled! He threw up his soft hands. "From now on he was going to make a clean breast of everything."

"Wily tricks followed upon tricks. . . . What a joke that the Camorra should be whipped by subterfuge!"



THE GREAT "CAMORRA" TRIAL IN THE CHURCH OF THE SCALZI AT VITERBO: THE SCENE IN THE COURT—SHOWING THE CHIEF PRISONERS' CAGE, WITH THE CAGE FOR THE INFORMER, ABBATEMAGGIO, ON ITS LEFT; THE PRIEST, VITOZZI, SEATED IN FRONT OF THE MAIN CAGE; AND THE JUDGES' BENCH ON THE LEFT, WHERE THE HIGH ALTAR ONCE STOOD.

The story of the great "Camorra" trial is told in some detail on this page. Here we print a photograph published in "The Illustrated London News" of March 18, 1911, and taken during the proceedings. The Church of the Scalzi, by then a Court of Assize, dates from 1675. The cages were, of course, specially erected, and the larger was above the tomb of Lorenzo da Viterbo,

the painter. The majority of the prisoners are seen in the bigger cage, and the informer is in the smaller. Father Vitozzi is shown on the right of the woman, in front of the chief cage. The Judges are shown on the left. On what had been the altar steps accuser and accused faced one another at intervals, and there were scenes of the bitterest, most sensational kind.

Then, to Cicaglione, examining magistrate at Naples, entered a holy father, Don Ciro Vitozzi, of the churchyards, who was said to carry a revolver where brevity should be, a priest speaking sincerely of the innocence of those imprisoned; for had he not, in the confessional, gained knowledge of an informer who could unravel the mystery? Followed, an interview and a disclosure. Three arrests—and three perfect alibis! But the "five martyrs" and the coachman of their leader were freed. The rejoicing was orgiastic or refined according to those who celebrated—members of the Lower Camorra and of the Higher, some would have it.

The while, a young "clerk" laboured among the dossiers in the tribunal building of San Domenico Suriano. At the closure-bell, he left and took the car towards Vomero. In his little villa, two men visited him. At the shutting of the door, they clicked heels and saluted. "He asked, returning their salute: 'Have you decided to consider my offer?' 'We have, Captain.'"

The "bureaucrat" was Carlo Fabbroni, Captain in the Reali Carabinieri; the others were Giuseppe Farris and Erminio Capezzutti, *Marescialli* under his command.

The King had concluded that the Camorra did, indeed, exist; had determined to wage war against it; and had selected his "Generals." The three swore to do their duty: "these three Musketeers of Modern Italy."

Fabbroni spoke: "I believe, together with His Majesty, that this Cuocolo murder offers us an opportunity to make wholesale arrests and thus destroy the Lower, or criminal Camorra. Once this should be done, the Upper Camorra

"invented by Poe and trained by Conan Doyle," prowled into the *Palazzo Amendola* and hired a cot. He was a fugitive and furtive. There could be no curiosity—that was the law of the Quarter—but there were sights to see and mutterings to hear. Capezzutti was patient and alert. Slowly, out of the slime wormed little facts; dumb, yet crying aloud. Capezzutti lurked and listened. The creatures of the slums and the cellars moved uneasily. Capezzutti saw the stirring. "Twice he was arrested, haled up to the Questura, and obliged to give an account of himself. But his purse was full, and the papers he presented were signed by himself as Commandant of Carabinieri in Sardinia. When he afterwards showed these papers to his fellow-lodgers and told the story of his arrest, they all exclaimed: 'What clever forgeries!'"

Then he was made aware of the Men of Silence, specialists in the *Omertà*, correspondents by stealthy signals, brethren, perhaps, of Camorristi who had turned their thumbs up, voting for a death; had planned in terms of berries and blossoms; and had received the "flower" to show that sentence had been carried out. He felt that he was on the right track, and he followed it and followed it, doggedly. In the path one day lounged the elegant Gennarino Abbatemaggio, the coachman decried as "Traitor—an epic Traitor, worthy for all time, of a place near him of Is-Kerith!"

It was evident that Abbatemaggio could say much, but would he say it? And how to get him to speak? Capezzutti dared. He asked for "jobs" and did them; petty, "sneakish" jobs. And at last he was told: "Naples is full of Camorristi. It's much more secret than in the old days—that's all." He was interested, mildly. Abbatemaggio boasted, claiming that he had been chosen as an assassin of the Cuocolos; "but that I could not be, for I have never shed blood, and I pleaded illness."

Then "Big Hal" fled. "Out of the whirl of events shot a sudden report, disheartening, dumbfounding: 'Erricone has disappeared—gone, no one knows where to!'" The critical moment had arrived. . . . Instantly, Fabbroni gave out the order: "Execute the warrants!"

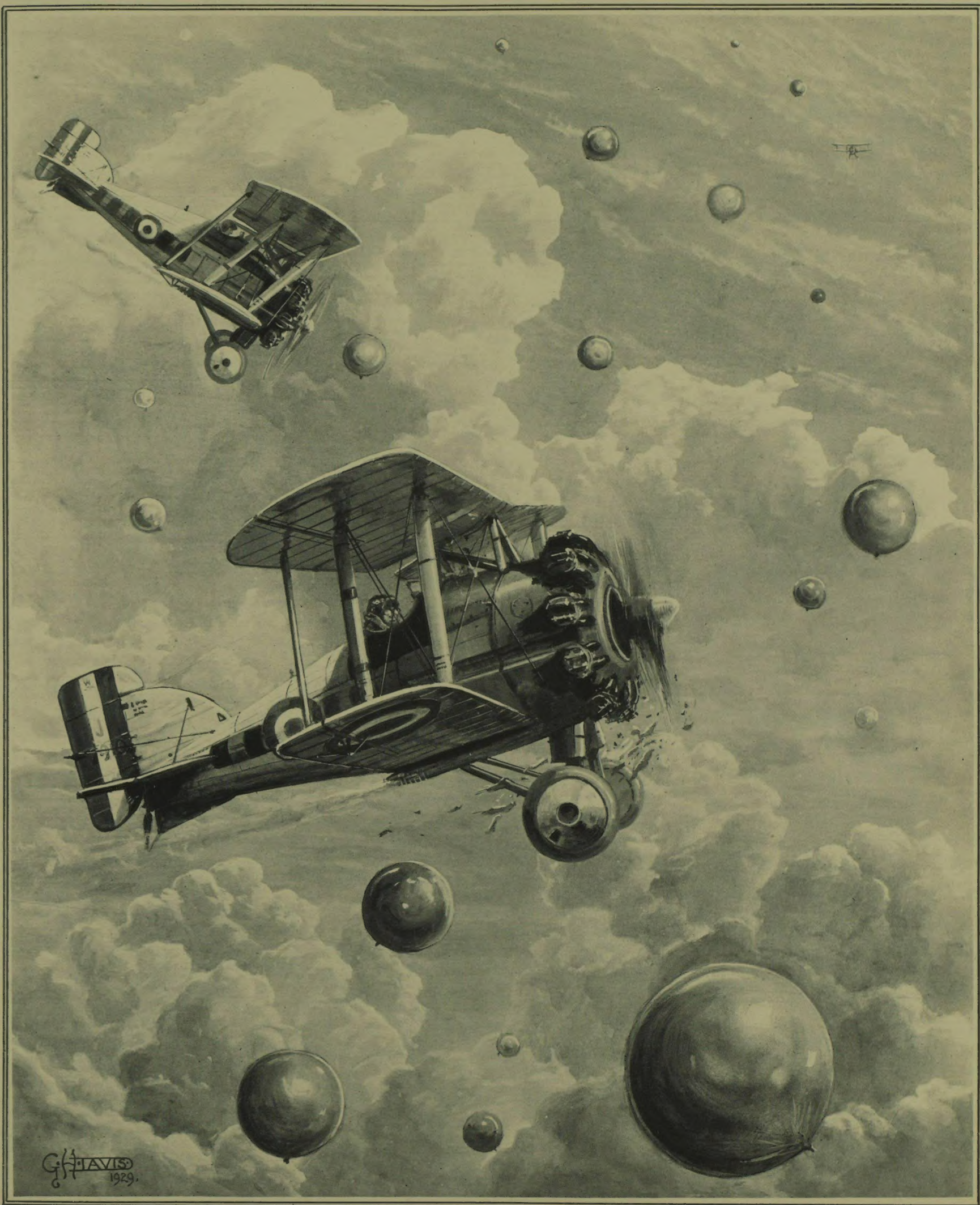
The rest is History—the famous trial in the Church of the Scalzi, the bare-footed, at Viterbo, which began on March 11, 1911, and lasted until July 8, 1912; the variety of charges, from murder to receiving stolen goods, and belonging to a criminal association; the "vulture"-cage for the prisoners, set grimly over the tomb of Lorenzo da Viterbo, the painter, with a lesser cage for the informer Abbatemaggio, on its left; the judicial bench where once stood the High Altar; the priest Vitozzi—even now a protester—permitted to sit without the bars; the confrontations of accused and accuser; the pleas, the curses, the sobbings and the sighings; the superb acting, the cynicism, the denunciations and the denials; the hysteria and the hatred; the snarl as the Informer was led in unchained—"Traitor! *Nfamo!* Murderer of the Innocent! Judas!"—the howling of the epileptic; the white-haired Esposito plucking his glass eye from its socket and hurling it on to the table before the judges, with the cry: "Look at me! Blind! Blind!" The verdict of Guilty; the sentences. All these things have been set down. It is well that the records should have been searched and "novelised" before their astonishing nature is forgotten. "Here then is history, here romance, here a detective story which would certainly be consigned to the realm of the imaginative were it not for the unimpeachable character of its sources." The like may not be again. Fascismo, says Mr. Littlefield, the Fascismo of cudgels and castor oil and the genius of Il Duce, has ground the Camorra into the dust of Naples. Read, then, "The Men of Silence."

E. H. G.

* "The Men of Silence." By Louis Forgione, Author of "Reamer Lou," "The River Between," etc. With an Introduction by Walter Littlefield, Officer of the Crown of Italy. (J. M. Dent and Sons; 7s. 6d. net.)

BALLOON-BURSTING: A NEW CONTEST AT THE R.A.F. DISPLAY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE AIR MINISTRY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A SUPREME TEST OF SKILL IN MANŒUVRING: FAST LITTLE "GAMECOCK" AEROPLANES RAMMING ELUSIVE BALLOONS THAT DART RAPIDLY HERE AND THERE AT THE MERCY OF AIR CURRENTS.

A new feature of the Royal Air Force Display that takes place at Hendon to-day (July 13) is a contest in which single-seater machines of No. 23 Fighter Squadron, rushing through the air at 150 miles an hour, will burst balloons released from the ground. The balloons, between two and three feet in diameter, are of the type used for meteorologists. They have a very rapid rate of climb, and, being at the mercy of the air currents, are very erratic in their movements; so the pilots of the little "Gamecock" type aeroplanes have to be very quick and accurate in handling their machines to enable them to burst the balloons by colliding with them. In our illustration the aeroplane in the foreground has struck a

balloon, which has been ripped to pieces by the propeller. Other items in the Display, which will be witnessed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the usual enormous crowd, will be a great spiral movement by twenty-seven aeroplanes; parachute-jumping from bombing 'planes; a mimic air battle; and a set-piece depicting an attack on a fortified port. Another interesting feature will be a squadron of large "Southampton" type flying-boats used at the Display for the first time. They will fly from the Air Station at Calshot, on Southampton Water, and are of the type used last year in the 27,000-mile flight to India, Australia, Hong-Kong, and Singapore.

NEW AND ASTONISHING LIGHT ON PREHISTORIC MAN.

MASTERLY PETROGLYPHS OF THE EXTINCT MASTODON PROVE THE ENORMOUS ANTIQUITY OF *HOMO SAPIENS* IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By HERBERT LANG, former Associate Curator of Mammalogy, American Museum of Natural History, New York. (See Illustrations on pages 71, 72 and 73.)

The following note on the subject of Mr. Herbert Lang's article has been kindly supplied by Dr. A. W. Rogers, F.R.S., who is Director of the Union Geological Survey, and a Trustee of the Transvaal Museum.

IN the Transvaal Museum there are sculptures of various animals on rock (amygdaloidal and compact diabase of the Ventersdorp System) done by punching the surface with some sort of tool; these drawings have long been interesting objects in the collection, but their importance in providing evidence of the contemporaneity of Man and certain extinct mammals has only lately been recognised, through the work of Mr. Herbert Lang. Some of the animals depicted are not identifiable with living species, but of these a few are probably known in a fossilised condition in South Africa, and others are not. Considering the wealth of mammalian types in the country, the late Tertiary and Pleistocene record is as yet very poor; a fact which can be attributed partly to the dominance of erosion in much of the region and partly to the difficulty of search in the buried valleys of those districts where accumulation of débris and limestone outweighed the effects of erosion during



THEORETIC MIGRATION ROUTES OF THE MASTODON FAMILY FROM THEIR CENTRE (●) IN AFRICA TO ALL THE CONTINENTS EXCEPT AUSTRALIA: A MAP SHOWING THE SUPPOSED WANDERINGS OF PREHISTORIC ELEPHANTS.

This and the other two illustrations on this page accompanied an article in "Natural History" (the journal of the American Museum of Natural History, New York), by Professor H. F. Osborn, the distinguished palaeontologist, dealing with the migrations of prehistoric elephants. The cradle of the elephant family (it is stated) is still unknown.

well-developed intellectual abilities were believed to be in existence in Southern Africa. Palaeontologists

will be surprised to see these formidable monsters as they appeared to our earliest intelligent ancestors. Anthropologists are suddenly confronted with manifestations of a high mentality in ancient art which presents convincing results. The few who considered South Africa as the earliest centre of human art need not rearrange their opinions as to the definite rise and

attended by tick-birds, the galloping warthog, the impala, other rhinoceroses, as well as the vulture, deserve to be compared again. Those who doubt the abilities of observation of these primitive men may correct their views by scrutinising these pictures. As the funds of the Transvaal Museum were limited, Mr. C. J. Swierstra, its Director, kindly entrusted the more careful study of this collection to me. Most of the sculptures consisted of mammals, and great doubt was expressed as to the correctness of the previous interpretation.

Formerly the leading archaeologists considered the antiquity of these rock engravings to be at most eight to ten thousand years. Their origin often aroused discussion, but no conclusions were reached. They were regarded as the work of primitive people from the north. It was held that perhaps Aurignacian or Capsian influences, from Western Europe or North Africa respectively, might have inspired this work. Some of the South African petroglyphs were definitely related to the Smithfield culture of the beginning of the Second Palaeolithic period. Others are so recent and are so inferior in technique that they could be attributed to Bushmen who had scratched them upon the rocks. It can now be stated positively that a high-class petroglyphic culture was carried on for many thousands

[Continued on page 100.]



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE SOUTH AFRICAN MASTODONS—A LONG-JAWED MASTODON (*PHIOMIA OSBORNII*) ON THE BANKS OF THE PRIMITIVE NILE: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.—(Drawing by Osborn and Knight. Copyright by the American Museum of Natural History.)

the later geological periods. Comparison of the engraved and untouched portions of a rock on which there is a drawing only shows that the drawing is very old; for we cannot yet connect the thickness or the tint of the weathered crust with a time-scale expressed in years. The punched surfaces are weathered, though not so deeply as the untreated surfaces. The skill of the artists is astounding to anyone who compares these pictures with the "Bushman" drawings in several districts of the Cape, and it justifies attempts to attribute the animals depicted to different genera, and even species, by those who study living and extinct mammals.

WONDERFUL SOUTH AFRICAN STONE AGE SCULPTURES OF MASTODONS.

By HERBERT LANG.

The discovery of these wonderful sculptures of mastodons from the South African Stone Age proves again the old adage: *Semper aliquid novi Africa affert*. Mastodons were generally believed to have become extinct so long ago that no one would have dreamed that they could ever have come in contact with intelligent man. The surprise of the discovery is doubly great, because mammalian fossils are extremely rare in South Africa, on account of the enormous general denudation during more recent epochs.

Now really fine representations of mastodons, made by a highly intelligent type of man, prove their incontrovertible existence in South Africa. Thus we have proof of at least three different types of mastodons where only one had been formerly recorded—by a mere fragment of a molar. Mastodons most certainly lived at so remote a period when no such

progress of intelligent man in the Dark Continent.

In 1907 Dr. Fraas described and figured what was then the only record of a mastodon from South Africa, in the form of a small portion of the left lower rear molar. He believed it to be of the Pleistocene Age, and to be related to the *angustidens* type. This first discovery of the presence of a mastodon in South Africa was made during the visit, in 1905, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is now again holding its annual meeting in the Union. Dr. Beck, one of the foreign members in 1905, received this fragment, with other fossils, from Mr. Grumpelt, at Barkley West. It came from the upper terrace of Waldeck's Plant, sixty to eighty feet above the Vaal River. The formation of these beds Pasarge, in 1904, suggested to be due to a pluvial period.

The new facts positively prove that several kinds of



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE SOUTH AFRICAN MASTODONS—LONG-JAWED MASTODONS (*TRILOPHODON GIGANTEUS*) FROM THE LOWER PLIOCENE BEDS OF SOUTH DAKOTA. A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY OSBORN AND KNIGHT.

Enumerating sixteen species of prehistoric Proboscidea, of which ten migrated and six did not, Professor Osborn says of one species: "The Long-Jawed Mastodons, or Longirostrines, springing from the long-jawed *Phiomia* of the Egyptian Oligocene and becoming the *Trilophodon* of Europe, migrating through Europe and Asia in the Miocene, and spreading over Nebraska, Kansas, South Dakota, and Colorado in Pliocene time."—[Copyright by the American Museum of Natural History.]

THE MASTODON BY A CONTEMPORARY SCULPTOR: STONE AGE ART.

(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

A FRAGMENTARY PETROGLYPH OF A LONG-HEADED MASTODON DISCOVERED IN THE WESTERN TRANSVAAL :
NEW PROOF OF THE HIGH ANTIQUITY OF INTELLIGENT MAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The new evidence of the enormous antiquity of intelligent Man in South Africa, afforded by the discovery of representations of extinct animals, is discussed on the opposite page, and on pages 72 and 73 are illustrated two other petroglyphs, of complete mastodons. In a note on the above photograph, Mr. Herbert Lang writes: "This fragment of a long-headed mastodon, in the Transvaal Museum at Pretoria, is also from Delarey. . . . Its relatively elongate head, small tusks, and different ear indicate a form

distinct from the other two figured overleaf. . . . Peculiar is the position of the fore-limb forced upward against the shoulder, as if the whole body were resting upon the lower trunk, the tip of which is broken off. Despite the crudeness of the carving, this artist possessed considerable ability. Note the eye, the cheeks, and the curvature of the trunk. Once, perhaps, the whole animal was figured; but a much later artist used the space for a buffalo, never completed. This petroglyph measures $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches."

THE REVELATION OF THREE DIFFERENT SOUTH AFRICAN MASTODONS.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 70.)



A WONDERFUL STONE AGE PETROGLYPH OF A LONG-HEADED MASTODON: A MASTERPIECE OF PREHISTORIC ART FROM THE TRANSVAAL, PROVING THAT A HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED RACE IN SOUTH AFRICA WERE COEVAL WITH THESE EXTINCT MONSTERS, AND CAN, THEREFORE, BE DATED BACK TO AN ENORMOUS ANTIQUITY.

"The long-headed Mastodon (writes Mr. Herbert Lang) stands on a slope, with head down and trunk lowered, as if it had quenched its thirst and were about to move on, as expressed by the lifting of a fore-limb. Amazingly true are the general outlines. . . . The forward-reaching pelvis presenting the high elevation of the back is particularly noteworthy. The head is a masterpiece. . . . No hair is suggested anywhere: only the stumpy tail appears to be broadened by 'hairs'. . . . Among discoveries of representations of extinct mammals this is the most important, as these long-headed forms are more primitive than the short-headed ones. This

petroglyph comes from Delarey, in the Lichtenburg District, Western Transvaal, and is now published for the first time by kind permission of Mr. C. J. Swierstra, Director of the Transvaal Museum. It is the largest petroglyph in the Transvaal Museum at Pretoria, and measures 28 inches (from trunk to tail); the shoulder height is 14½ inches. The stone was collected by Mr. F. O. Noome, of the Transvaal Museum staff, and was naturally fractured. Fortunately, he secured the two pieces containing the rear limbs. The stone was heavily incised with a fine scratch, showing the face of the rock.



A SMALLER STONE AGE PETROGLYPH, FROM THE SAME DISTRICT IN THE TRANSVAAL, REPRESENTING A SHORT-HEADED MASTODON: AN EXAMPLE OF INFERIOR ARTISTIC QUALITY, BUT EQUALLY IMPORTANT AS EVIDENCE THAT A HIGH STANDARD OF PALEOLITHIC CULTURE EXISTED AT THE REMOTE PERIOD TO WHICH THESE EXTINCT ANIMALS BELONG.

Continued.] together as if broken recently. . . . Obliquely across the block runs a contact mark, made against the fluid lava before its consolidation. . . . Of nearly equal importance is the short-headed Mastodon (seen in the lower photograph), also from Delarey. . . . The ponderous beast stands on an incline as if stubbornly awaiting the approach of an enemy. In its general outline it seems well enough balanced, and shows good proportions. Yet it lacks inspiration. . . . The perfunctory, nearly uniform, chipping is typical of the earlier art. . . . This picture measures, from trunk to buttocks, 23½ inches. The tip of the trunk has been splintered off. This stone, with its priceless record, was saved, in the nick of time, from the hands of builders. Already it had been squared and was thus

mutilated. These most ancient of sculptures were often completely obscured by the patina formed during the ages. Formerly, such stones were not recognised as monuments, but were indiscriminately used for building. Many still remain in the field, and future research will complete our records. Had we in South Africa the relative datable deposits of the Ice Age cycles of Western Europe with fossil remains of Quaternary mammals, the corresponding South African fauna would be infinitely richer. We can identify, nevertheless, among about 150 petroglyphs, ten distinct species of extinct mammals. These, however, represent only the giants of game hunted by these primitive men."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MANY a romance has been woven around the discovery of an old manuscript, and the frequency of the device in fiction—not to speak of the faker or the literary hoaxer—renders even the genuine article suspect. Hence, no doubt, the elaborate care taken to substantiate as an actual record "THE ADVENTURES OF RALPH RASHLEIGH." A Penal Exile in Australia, 1825-1844. With an Introduction by the Earl of Birkenhead. Illustrated (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d.)—a work recommended by the Book Society. The illustrations consist of the title-page and four other leaves from the original MS. reproduced in facsimile. If based on personal experiences (as seems to be indubitable) the book is an important document for the history of colonisation in Australia.

The manuscript was sent to the publishers by Mr. Charles H. Bertie, the well-known librarian of Sydney, who received it from "a man who had inherited it from his wife's father, in whose possession it had remained for thirty years." Mr. Bertie was convinced of its importance, and so were the publishers. "But (they continue) the archaic literary style of the writer made us doubt whether the book would be acceptable to modern readers. So the manuscript was rewritten, but with absolute fidelity to the original story. . . . Following the typescript came the original manuscript from Mr. Bertie, an aged foolscap book of undoubted antiquity." A preface signed "A Squatter, 31st December, 1845," states that he "compiled the work as it fell from the lips" of the author and hero. Thus the book came into being, eighty-four years ago, somewhat after the manner of Aloysius Horn's "Ivory Coast in the Earlies," and bears a rather similar relation to "the very earlies" of Botany Bay. Personally, I doubt the wisdom of rewriting the manuscript; in fact, I think it was a mistake. It is just that "archaic" quality of style and expression which conveys the "period" flavour of such a narrative, and the class of readers attracted by it in its "modern" form would, I think, have appreciated it still more in the original. With the aid of a pocket lens (for the script of the facsimiles is small) I have compared a few passages, and it does not seem to me to present any insuperable archaisms. Moreover, the modernising process has apparently imported, here and there, such phrases as: "It's about time we got busy"; or, "You'd better watch your step." One cannot always feel sure one is getting the real talk of the time.

Lord Birkenhead gives a short, but very interesting, note on the transportation system, which, he says, worked well. Capital punishment for theft, he recalls (*apropos* the sentence of death, commuted to transportation for life, passed on "Rashleigh" for burghing a house in Welbeck Street) was not completely abolished until 1861. "That the forced labour of the convict population (he continues) was only made productive by the use of the lash and other harsh punishment was natural, but the position of a well-behaved man was not much worse than that of a seaman in the Navy or a deck-hand on a clipper." I should not venture to dispute such an authoritative statement, but, in accepting it, one must, I think, impute exaggeration to "Rashleigh's" tales of sickening cruelties perpetrated by tyrannical overseers in remote settlements, some of whom, according to his account, took a sadistic pleasure in the infliction of pain. These passages remind me of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I have no doubt myself that the manuscript does really date from 1845. No fabricator, I think, would have quoted La Rochefoucauld on the title-page. (There is, by the way, another name—apparently "R. Bayles"—written obliquely, in a different hand, across the "Ralph" on this MS. title-page. Nothing is said about it in the prefatory matter. Could it be Rashleigh's real name added by someone who knew?) Taking the MS. as "authentic," we still have to decide whether it is authentic as a chronicle of fact, or an authentic work of imagination based on experience. Personally, remembering that the "compiler" also apparently wrote plays, I think it is a little of both. The publishers call it "this diary-classic from the Antipodes," but to apply the term "diary" to an adventure story written in the third person, and ending with an account of the hero's death, seems to me to be putting rather a strain on the word. For certainly it is an adventure story, and a thoroughly thrilling one too—I have never read a better. Rashleigh himself gets the reader's sympathy, for, though a thief (who repented too late), he was brave, chivalrous, and never cruel. One episode—his discovery of the wreck, and the building of the hut—has the true "Robinson Crusoe" touch, but instead of a "Man Friday," he had two *djins* (native girls) as his servants. The death of Lorra—a kind of Australian aboriginal "Fayaway"—reaches the height of stark and simple tragedy.

Apart from the grim pictures of life—and death—in Newgate, aboard a convict transport, in the penal settle-

ments, on lonely "back-block" homesteads, and with a gang of bushrangers of appalling ferocity, this book, I think, has claims as a contribution to ethnology. It contains intimate descriptions of the customs, beliefs, and penal codes of the Australian blacks, by whom "Rashleigh" was captured, and among whom, after suffering the ordeal of "initiation by gashes," he lived, with a darkened skin, for about four years. Whatever may be the precise proportions of fact and romance, it is undoubtedly a book to be read.

In Rashleigh's chapter on Newgate we learn that the executioner was popularly termed the "scragman." Readers who enjoy gruesome scenes of the scaffold will find plenty to their taste in "THE HANGMEN OF ENGLAND." How They Hanged and Whom They Hanged. The Life Story of "Jack Ketch" through Two Centuries. By Horace Bleakley, F.S.A. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 16s.). The author was spurred to his work, he tells us, by reading the journal of a Nuremberg executioner, "A Hangman's Diary," and felt that it was due to British prestige to show that we could produce a far finer array,

JEAN PIERRE VAQUIER."

Edited by R. H. Blundell and R. E. Seaton; and "THE TRIAL OF JOHN DONALD MERRETT." Edited by William Routhead. Both Illustrated (Hodge & Co.; 10s. 6d. each.) Along with these volumes come two additions to a kindred series, that of Famous Trials. These are "THE TRIAL OF NORMAN THORNE." The Crowborough Chicken Farm Murder. Edited by Helena Normanton; and "THE TRIAL OF THOMAS HENRY ALLAWAY." The Bournemouth Murder. Edited by W. Lloyd Woodland. Both illustrated (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d. each). As in previous volumes, the proceedings are set out in full, with introductions by the respective editors.

Of more general and historical scope, concerning the forces of law and order organised against the criminal, is a new volume in the Whitehall Series, entitled "SCOTLAND YARD," and the Metropolitan Police. By J. F. Moylan, C.B., C.B.E. (Putnam's Sons; 7s. 6d.) It gives an interesting account of the development of the Police and the C.I.D. An Appendix details the inquiry into the murder of P.C. Gutteridge, as "one of the most difficult and successful criminal investigations in the history of Scotland Yard."

We get a glimpse of Australia in 1689—more than a century before Ralph Rashleigh's time, in "WILLIAM DAMPIER." By Clennell Wilkinson. Illustrated (Lane; 12s. 6d.), a new volume in the excellent Golden Hind Series of lives of the great explorers. Mr. Wilkinson's assertion that "no adequate life of Dampier exists" does not now hold good, for he has himself supplied the deficiency. It was on August 6, 1689, that Dampier landed, in Shark's Bay on the west coast, and, sailing north, had a brush with the blacks before quitting "the barrenest spot upon the Globe, this coast of New Holland."

Australia of our own day, and the literature it has inspired, is represented in "THE NEW COUNTRIES." A Collection of Stories and Poems by South African, Australian, Canadian, and New Zealand Writers. Edited by Hector Bolitho (Cape; 7s. 6d.)—an interesting anthology. In his introduction, Mr. Bolitho mentions many writers whose work has helped to build up a distinctive body of "oversea" English literature. A cognate volume, restricted to prose produced by a single Dominion, is "CANADIAN SHORT STORIES." Edited by Raymond Knister. (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). Here again, the charm of the text is supplemented by an introductory essay on Canada's literary "growing pains."

I turn now to a pair of books akin to the Dampier biography on the side of marine adventure. One is "SEA-LORE." By Stanley Rogers. Illustrated by the Author (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). This is a breezy account—historical and anecdotal—of ships and life at sea in the old days of sail. One fascinating chapter is devoted to Lost Ships and Lost Treasure—a subject now of current interest in connection with the *Egypt*. I do not find any allusion to the episode described in "THE GREAT *Mary Celeste* Hoax." A Famous Sea Mystery Exposed. By Laurence J. Keating. Illustrated (Heath Cranton; 10s. 6d.) Here, it was not the ship that was lost, but the crew. The brig *Mary Celeste* left New York in 1872, with ten people on board, and was found deserted in mid-ocean. No trace of her ship's company was ever discovered. The author, who has searched the records and run to earth an aged survivor, claims to have solved "the greatest detective story of the sea."

I will end with a brief preliminary mention of a book which, though not associated in theme with any of the foregoing, claims immediate attention before it loses topicality. The visit to England of the Sultan of Zanzibar has lent enhanced interest to a memoir of his great-grandfather—"SAID BIN SULTAN" (1791-1856). Ruler of Oman and Zanzibar. His Place in the History of Arabia and East Africa. By Rudolph Said-Ruete. With a Foreword by Major-Gen. Sir Percy Cox. Illustrated (Alexander-Orseley, Ltd.; 16s.). The colonising spirit of Dampier finds a counterpart in this Arabian ruler who, as Sir Percy Cox recalls, established "an Arab 'Dominion Overseas,' with its capital at Zanzibar, of which he became first Sultan, and which has often been called the Mecca of the African native." Said bin Sultan also joined Great Britain in the suppression of the African slave-trade. His virtues have lived after him, even unto the third and fourth generation.

C. E. B.



THE KNOLE "DEMOSTHENES" FOR COPENHAGEN: A LIFE-SIZE MARBLE PORTRAIT-STATUE OF THE GREAT ATHENIAN ORATOR, CONSIDERED FINER THAN THAT IN THE VATICAN.

Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., announce the sale of the life-size marble statue of Demosthenes from Knole House, Sevenoaks, to the Ny Carlsberg Foundation, which is presenting it to Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek, Copenhagen. The price has not been divulged. This statue, a third-century copy of the Greek original, and a finer example than the "Demosthenes" in the Vatican at Rome, was purchased in Italy during the eighteenth century by the third Duke of Dorset, for £700, and has remained at Knole House ever since. Busts and heads of Demosthenes are very rare, but complete portrait-statues of the great Greek orator are almost unknown, save for the Vatican specimen and this from Knole. The surface of the statue is in a remarkable state of preservation, the only weathering being a slight holing of the upper part of the head. According to the Copenhagen Museum authorities, the hands and scroll-work are a later restoration, although Michaelis, in his famous work on Greek sculptures, considered them to be original. The quiet dignity of the whole figure is accentuated by the beautiful folds of the drapery and the expression of utmost character and power in the face.

both of hangmen and malefactors, who have left "foot-prints on the sands of crime." He quotes another writer as deploring the neglect of a "great public officer," without whom the solemn sentence of the judge would be of no avail, and adds: "Until the Socialists come into power, and there are equal opportunities for everyone, it is improbable that hangmen will be allowed to put on Court dress and attend a ministerial banquet." We shall see! Doubtless we may expect a companion volume, "The Headsmen of England"—ushered in, perhaps, with a Shakespearean quotation—

. . . . The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon.

In this connection may be noted a group of five other books that will interest students of criminology. Two of them are new volumes in the well-known series of Notable British Trials—namely, "THE TRIAL OF



THE LAST GREAT CHAMPION OF GREEK LIBERTY: DEMOSTHENES (384-322 B.C.)—A SIDE VIEW OF THE KNOLE STATUE THAT HAS BEEN BOUGHT FOR A DANISH MUSEUM.

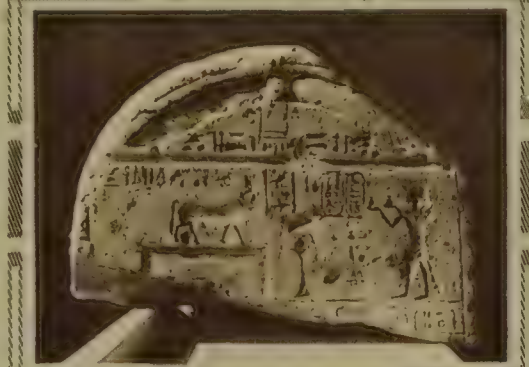
ALEXANDER & ROMAN EMPERORS AS BULL-WORSHIPPERS IN EGYPT.



A STELA SHOWING DIOCLETIAN (REIGNED 284-305 A.D.) ADORING A BUCHIS BULL: THE LATEST (IN DATE) HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION KNOWN.



PTOLEMY VI. (PHILOMETOR) OFFERING INCENSE TO THE SACRED BUCHIS BULL: A STELA DISCOVERED AT ARMANT.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT ADORING THE BUCHIS BULL: THE UPPER PORTION OF A STELA FOUND AT ARMANT.



AN OFFERING-TABLE MADE IN IMITATION OF THE ROYAL CARTOUCHE, AND REPRESENTING JUGS OF WATER AND CAKES: A DISCOVERY AT ARMANT.

SACRED BULLS OF HERMONTHIS: TOMBS DISCOVERED AT ARMANT.



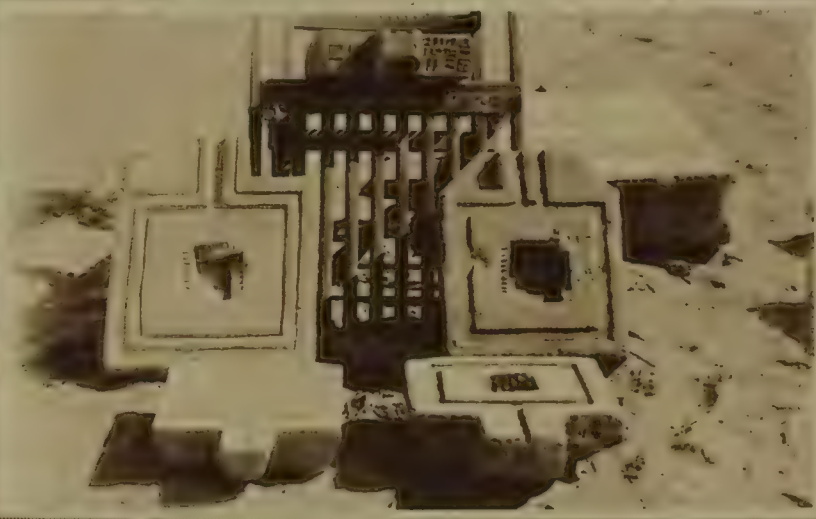
THE ROMAN EMPEROR ANTONINUS PIUS (REIGNED 138-161 A.D.) ADORING THE BUCHIS BULL: ONE OF THE SIX INSCRIBED STELÆ DISCOVERED AT ARMANT.



THE SKELETON OF A SACRED BULL BURIED DURING THE ROMAN PERIOD: THE GRAVE, WITH HOOKS WHICH HELD THE BODY TO THE BIER.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST WALL OF THE HYPOGEUM AT ARMANT: A DRAMATIC MOMENT AMONG THE EXCAVATORS.



OFFERING-TABLES IMITATING THE TEMPLE POOL AT WHICH THE SACRED BULL USED TO DRINK WHEN ALIVE: RECEPTACLES FOR GIFTS FOR THE DEAD ANIMAL'S USE IN THE AFTER-WORLD.



A BULL BURIAL IN PTOLEMAIC AND ROMAN TIMES RECONSTRUCTED: (L. TO R.) AN INSCRIBED STELA, WITH OIL-LAMP (L.) AND INCENSE-BURNER IN FRONT; A STAND FOR OFFERINGS; AN OFFERING-TABLE.

At Armant, near Luxor, scientific excavations were first begun in 1927 by Mr. Robert Mond and Mr. W. B. Emery, and they discovered the burial-place of the mothers of the sacred Bull of Hermothis, the Buchis. Later, Mr. Mond handed over his concession to the Egypt Exploration Society; and an expedition was sent out, and was completely successful. A hypogeum, not unlike the famous Serapeum at Saqqara, was discovered, entered by a sloping passage. Underground, two other passages branch off, flanked on both sides by roughly-hewn vaults containing large, sandstone sarcophagi. In these were found bones of sacred bulls and remains of their trappings, with traces of wooden biers, on which the mummified carcase was strapped through twenty bronze hooks. Outside each vault was placed a stela, put up in the name of the ruling monarch, and giving facts

concerning the buried animal. There was also an offering-table, usually imitating the temple pool, with steps leading down to it, where the animal had been wont to drink; and finally pottery lamps, stands for offerings, and incense-burners. The stelæ contain numerous details important for the history of Egypt. So far, the following kings are shown adoring the Buchis bull: Nekhtorheb, Darius Hystaspes, Alexander the Great, Ptolemy IV., Ptolemy VI., Ptolemy IX., Augustus, Antoninus Pius, a Roman emperor difficult to identify, and finally Diocletian. These antiquities are now on view in London at Swedenborg Hall, 20, Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, until July 19. On July 15 the Director of Excavations, Dr. H. Frankfort, will lecture at Burlington House. Later, we shall illustrate the Egypt Exploration Society's new discoveries at Tell-el-Amarna.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ORNAMENT IN NATURE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

GENERALLY, in regard to things made by human hands, one uses the term "ornament" in contradistinction from "useful," and quite commonly as if they were incompatible; though this is by no means necessarily the case. If that fact were more generally recognised, the modern "bungalow" would lose something of its all-too-common hideousness, and the countryside would once more regain its charm. But a thing may also be beautiful without being necessarily ornamental. One may, indeed, regard the "useful," the "beautiful," and the "ornamental" as qualities distinct in themselves, but always capable of being blended. Yet surely "ornament" is a lesser quality than beauty, which is something more subtle, something which kindles within us an indefinably rapturous satisfaction, which is rarely the effect of the merely ornamental.

According to the "high priests" of modern art, a thing should possess neither recognisable ornament nor beauty. Whether we turn to their graven images or to their "poems in paint," we are expected to hunt for the one or the other as when we sought in the "puzzle-pictures"—now almost forgotten—to "find the man" or "the pig," as the case might be, amid a confused jumble of lines; though most of us refuse to take part in this "uplifting" pastime!

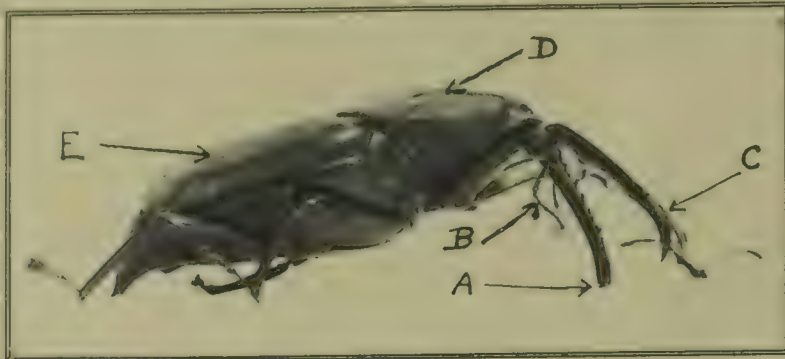


FIG. 1. THE HATED COCONUT WEEVIL.

The long horny proboscis (A) with antennæ (B) at its base is used to pierce the soft tissues of the growing coconut and the growing leaf stems, while the larvæ eat the heart wood, till the tree at last succumbs. The other letters indicate—(C) fore-leg; (D) head and thorax; and (E) wing-case.

"Dynastes group," numbering over 1000 species, the most famous of which is the celebrated Hercules beetle, measuring six inches long.

In the largest of these four shown here it will be seen (Fig. 4) that the head is surmounted by a long upstanding horn, with a finely serrated under-surface, opposed to another on the thorax having a broad base, and an incipient branch on each side, forming a sort of tooth. This hinder horn is quite immovable, but that on the head can be raised or lowered as the head moves up or down. This would make of it a grasping-organ, and its possible use for this purpose was discussed by Darwin, who suggested that it might be used for seizing the female, or in fighting; but these were merely suggestions. In Fig. 2 is shown what may be described as a miniature Hercules beetle, where again the horn on the head alone is movable. But in the Hercules beetle the under-side of the long fixed horn is beset with short hairs, to form a kind of brush. Are these hairs "mere ornaments," or do they serve any useful purpose?

The two Bornean species, Dr. Hose tells me, are burrowers, and found under decaying logs. This fact adds to the mystery surrounding the horns, for in all other burrowing creatures the body is smooth and cylindrical, so as not to impede the passage of the animal by the resistance of projecting "snags." In discussing this theme of apparently useless excrescences in the form of spines, or horns when excessively developed, as in so many fossil animals, Sir Arthur Woodward, than whom there is no greater authority, contended that we had evidence of a sort of natural "fireworks" preceding dissolution. That is to say, these creatures are to be regarded as species which had reached the limit of "viability," expending their remaining powers of assimilation in a wild orgy of ornament, like a spendthrift running through his wealth for the mere lust of spending! He did not, perhaps,

express it in this colourful way, but in substance that is what it amounts to.

Let us now turn to Fig. 1. This is the coconut weevil, known to the natives of Borneo as the "Bru"; and cordially it is hated, for it works havoc among the coconut-trees. The adult uses its long horny proboscis for boring into the fruit and growing leaves, while the larvæ eat up the heart of the tree. The only way of getting rid of the pest is to cut the tree down and burn the wood, for unless this be done tree after tree will be destroyed. The outstanding feature of this insect is no "mere ornament," but a "useful" instrument—at any rate, so far as the beetle is concerned.

Finally we come to Fig. 3, a Bornean species of stag-beetle.

Here we have a member of the family *Lucanidae*, containing some 600 species, and nearly related to the *Scarabæidae*. The stag-beetles are all remarkable for the excessive development of the mandibles in the males. And here, again, the function they serve is at present an unsolved problem. These beetles deserve, and shall have, a whole page to themselves. But before I write this, I want to get hold of specimens not only of our own, but of Malayan, and especially Australian, species, some of which are very remarkable. Perhaps some one or other of my Australian readers will help me in this matter by sending me specimens packed in sawdust. Any such assistance will be highly appreciated, and no doubt will provide material for further discussion of a very interesting subject.



FIG. 3. A BORNEAN VERSION OF OUR STAG-BEETLE.

The excessive development of the mandibles in these insects is characteristic of the males. But they show a surprising range of variability in their size when a large number of individuals are compared. Whether their jaws are purely "ornamental" or whether they serve any "useful" purpose is still a matter for debate.



FIG. 2. A SMALL BORNEAN RELATIVE OF THE CELEBRATED WEST INDIAN HERCULES BEETLE.

The upper horn is relatively much shorter than in the larger species (Fig. 4), and lacks the hairy under-surface. It is also cleft at the tip, as also is the horn borne by the head, which alone is movable. The head and thorax are black, and the wing-cases chestnut-red.

When we turn from Art (with a capital A) to Nature, we find an almost overwhelming splendour both of pure beauty as well as of "mere ornament," though often the two are indefinably interwoven. Some of us are content to enjoy the butterfly or the rose simply as things beautiful. But there be some also who find new beauties in the analysis of the component parts which make up the whole. They, indeed, go further still, and seek to interpret the reason of their being, and with varying success. I say with varying success advisedly, for there are cases innumerable which seem to defy interpretation.

I have just been reminded of this by some beetles given me recently by my old friend Dr. Charles Hose, whose knowledge of tropical nature is profound. Though he took these strange creatures with his own hand, he has been unable to solve the riddle of their striking singularities in three out of these four shown in the adjoining photographs. And where he has failed, I do not expect to succeed. Here, surely, we have an illustration of the "merely ornamental," for, take away these curious horns, and "just a beetle" is left. These strange outgrowths from the head and thorax are certainly not "beautiful"; but they can surely be described as "ornamental," in spite of the dictionary definition of this term ornamental as "anything which adds grace or beauty," since they have no known use.

Let us examine these insects a little more closely. To begin with, they belong to the family *Scarabæidae*,



FIG. 4. A DISTANT BORNEAN RELATIVE OF THE SCARAB.

The great length of the horns is the more remarkable since this insect is a burrower. The fine serrations along the under surface of the front horn are of unknown function. The second small tooth at the base of the hinder horn is not shown in the profile. The letter A indicates a tooth at the base of the horn.

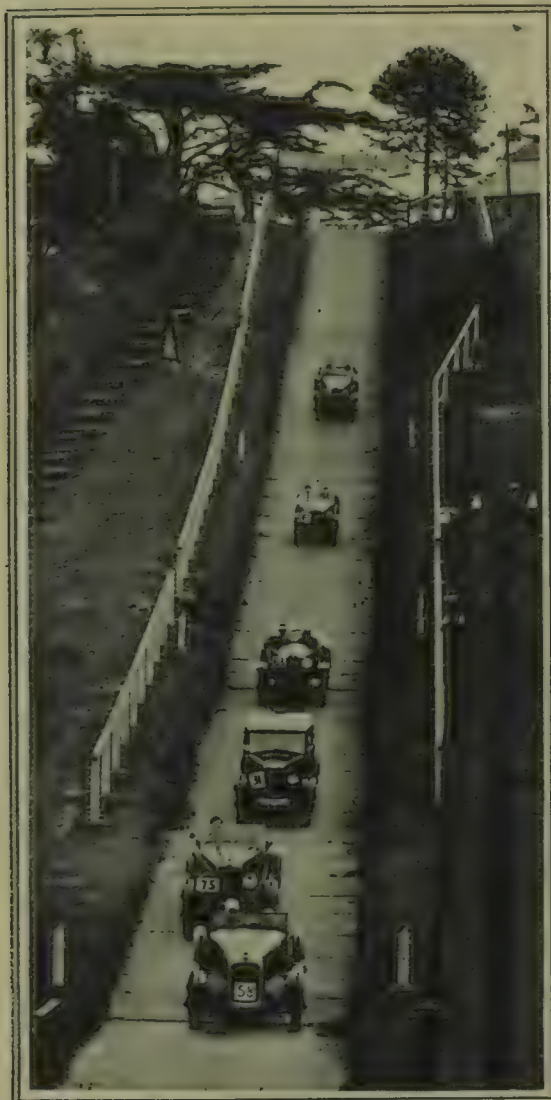
DISASTER AND CONSTRUCTION: MECHANISM IN THE NEWS.



THE BRITISH SUBMARINE DISASTER: "L 12," WHICH WAS IN COLLISION WITH "H 47," WHICH SANK WITH A LOSS OF ALL HER CREW SAVE TWO.



THE SUBMARINE DISASTER: "H 47," WHICH SANK AFTER COLLISION WITH "L 12" ABOUT 22 MILES TO THE NORTH OF THE SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE.



AN ODD EFFECT: COMPETITORS IN CLOSE FORMATION ON THE TEST HILL AT THE JUNIOR CAR CLUB'S HIGH-SPEED RELIABILITY TRIAL AT BROOKLANDS.

The first news of the submarine disaster came on July 9 in the form of an announcement made by the Secretary of the Admiralty. This said: "Following signal has been received by the Admiralty: Submarine 'H 47' sunk by Submarine 'L 12' in position 52.04 N, 5.32 W. Two survivors of 'H 47.' One man missing from 'L 12.' The site of the disaster is about 22 miles to the northward of the Smalls Lighthouse, and about 20 due west from Fishguard. The usual complement of 'H 47' was 23, and that of the 'L 12' about 40. 'H 47' was built in 1918. She is of 440 tons. 'L 12,' also built in 1918, is of 890 tons.

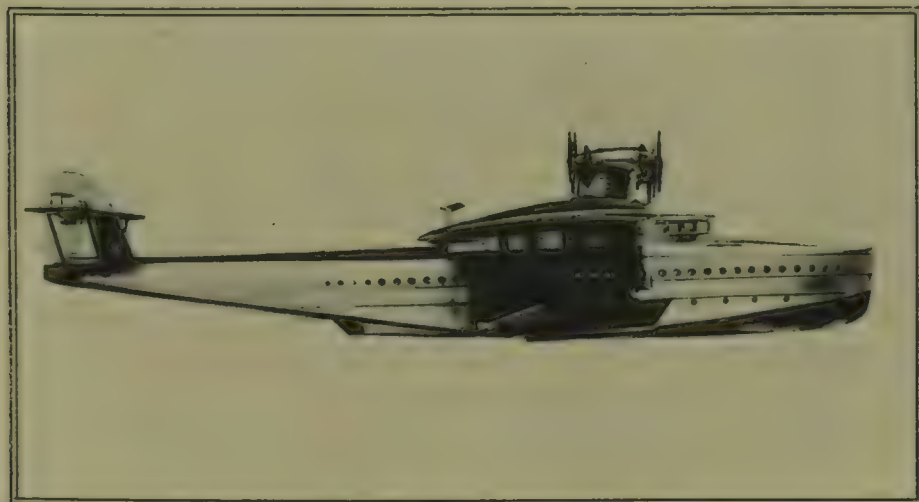


THE MUCH-DISCussed "TOTE" COMES INTO USE ON ENGLISH RACECOURSES: AN INTERIOR VIEW AT NEWMARKET, SHOWING THE "LIGHTNING CALCULATOR."



THE MUCH-DISCussed "TOTE" IN USE: THE SWITCHBOARD, AND THE BATTERY WHICH SUPPLIED THE CURRENT FOR WORKING THE TOTALISATOR AT NEWMARKET.

The Junior Car Club's high-speed reliability trial took place on July 6. Sixty light cars started. The Test Hill has a one-in-four gradient.—The much-discussed totalisator had its earliest trials recently, at Newmarket and at Carlisle. It has been argued that the pari-mutuel, as recently installed at Newmarket, great success as it is, must be looked upon as an experiment, for it is urged that the machine will eventually have to work at a quicker rate and better arrangements will have to be made with regard to the purchase of tickets and the paying-out.



A THREE-DECKED FLYING-BOAT: THE HUGE "D.O.X." MADE BY THE DORNIER AIRCRAFT COMPANY, WHICH IS TO CARRY ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PASSENGERS—A MODEL OF THE AEROPLANE.

The Dornier Aircraft Company announced the other day that, after two and a half years of labour, its new great flying-boat, "D.O.X.," had been finished; and a few days ago it was, in fact, being shown to private visitors at Altenrhein bei Rorschach, on the Swiss side of Lake Constance. A model is to be in the Aero Show at Olympia. The flying-boat has twelve 525-h.p. engines, mounted above the wings. The interior of the boat is divided into three decks: the



THE NEW AND GIGANTIC DORNIER FLYING-BOAT, "D.O.X.": A VIEW LOOKING DOWN UPON THE AEROPLANE, WHICH HAS A WING-SPAN OF NEARLY 160 FT., AND HAS TWELVE ENGINES.

middle deck is used for the passenger cabins and saloons; the upper deck has the navigation room, the engine control station, the pilot's cabin and quarters for the crew; the lower deck consists of fuel-storage compartments. A maximum speed of 155 miles an hour is expected, with a cruising speed of 120 miles an hour. It should be possible to carry 120 passengers on flights up to 620 miles, and 60 passengers on longer flights.

SPANISH AIRMEN ADRIFT FOR OVER A WEEK IN THEIR FLYING



THE RESCUE OF THE SPANISH AIRMEN, MAJOR FRANCO AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE FLYING-BOAT "NUMANCIA," AFTER THEY HAD BEEN ADRIFT IN THE ATLANTIC FOR OVER A WEEK: A CUTTER FROM THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TOWING THE DAMAGED AEROPLANE TOWARDS THE "EAGLE."



SHOWING A SMALL SAIL RIGGED TO ONE OF THE PROPELLERS: THE DAMAGED DORNIER WAL FLYING-BOAT "NUMANCIA" ALONGSIDE THE "EAGLE"; WITH THE SPANISH AIRMEN WAITING TO BE TAKEN OFF.

As we have noted before, when dealing with the flight, Major Ramon Franco, accompanied by Major Eduardo Gonzales Gallarza, Captain Julio Ruiz de Alda, and Sergeant Pedro Madiaga, took off from Los Alcazares, the Spanish Air Force Seaplane Station, near Cartagena, on June 21, with the intention of "hopping" across the Atlantic and back in the flying-boat "Numancia." For over a week they were missing, and they were publicly mourned as lost. Then, when hope had been almost abandoned, came a message that the aeroplane had been located by H.M. Aircraft-Carrier "Eagle," and that the airmen had been saved. In a statement wirelessly to the Admiralty from the "Eagle," Major Franco said that the intended time of their arrival at the Azores was 09.00 G.M.T. on June 22, but that a strong wind caused them to pass over the Azores during the darkness. They tried to economise fuel and reach their destination, but eventually they had to alight to check their position. Then they made a fresh start, but they again met strong head winds, and ran out

BOAT: THE RESCUE BY H.M.S. "EAGLE"; AND REJOICINGS.



THE DAMAGED SPANISH AIRCRAFT ABOARD THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: THE FLYING-SHIP ON THE FLYING-DECK OF THE "EAGLE" AT GIBRALTAR



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPANISH AIRMEN AT MADRID: MAJOR GALLARZA ALIGHTING FROM THE TRAIN, TO RECEIVE A TREMENDOUS WELCOME FROM A HUGE CROWD.



GRATITUDE TO ENGLAND FOR THE RESCUE: ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATORS AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN MADRID AFTER THE GOOD NEWS HAD BEEN RECEIVED.

"MORBING" MAJOR RAMON FRANCO IN MADRID AFTER THE RESCUE BY THE "EAGLE": THE SPANISH AIRMAN LOST IN THE MIST OF THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE SPANISH AERO CLUB.



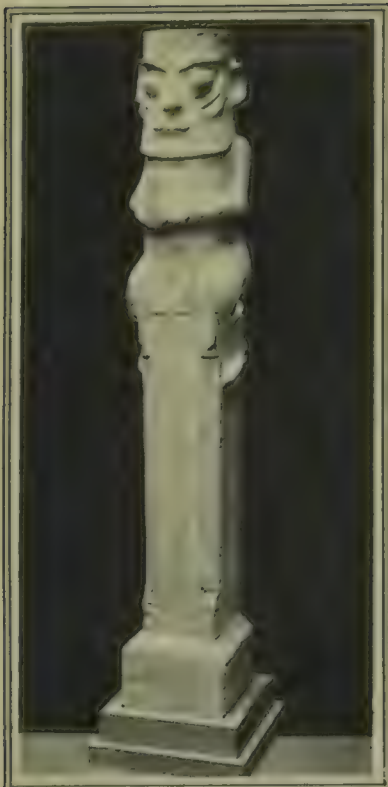
A DEMONSTRATION OF GRATITUDE ORGANISED BY THE SPANISH AERO CLUB AFTER THE RESCUE OF THE SPANISH AIRMEN BY H.M.S. "EAGLE": THE ENORMOUS CROWD CHEERING OUTSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN MADRID.



RESCUED AND RESCUERS RECEIVED IN PRIVATE AUDIENCE IN MADRID BY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN: A GROUP AT THE ROYAL PALACE, INCLUDING CAPTAIN LAURENCE, R.N., AND THE SPANISH AIRMEN.

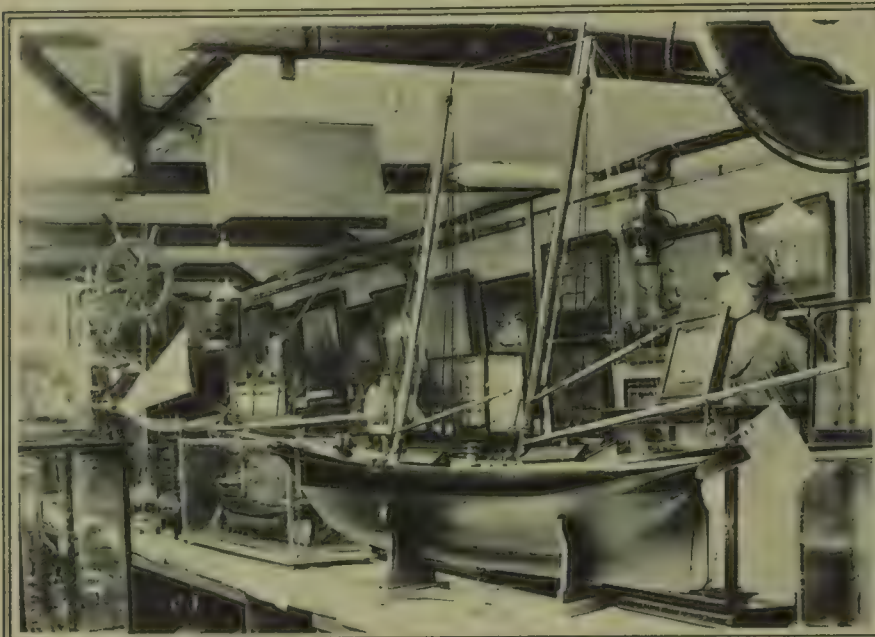
of petrol. From then onwards they drifted on the sea until they were found on June 29 in the vicinity of Santa Maria. There were tremendous scenes of delight when the rescue became known in Spain, and within an hour demonstrators were cheering in front of the British Embassy in Madrid. H.M.S. "Eagle" reached Gibraltar, with the Spanish airmen aboard, on the morning of July 2, and as she steamed into the Bay the Spanish airman Señor Ansaldo circled overhead and dropped a bouquet and a message of greeting, which fell on the "Numancia," hoisted on the flying-deck of the aircraft-carrier. A great reception was accorded the airmen, and they were received at Government House by the Governor. On July 7 a banquet was given at the Aero Club, Madrid, to Captain Laurence and the other officers of the "Eagle"; and on the same day Captain Laurence and his officers were decorated with medals of Naval Merit. The full list of honours conferred comprises officers and men of all ranks on duty when the crew of the Spanish flying-boat was rescued.

FROM CHINA TO—NEW YORK: ART MATTERS OF THE MOMENT.



"A MONSTER"—OF THE HAN DYNASTY: A GREYISH-POTTERY PILLAR OF EARLY CHINESE WORKMANSHIP.

This pillar is in the exhibition of early Chinese ceramic art, bronzes, etc., at Messrs. Yamanaka's, in New Bond Street. The pedestal is decorated with a stamped design of Court chariots, dragons, Feng birds, leaves, and so on.



THE "AMERICA," OF AMERICA CUP FAME: A MODEL BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN MADE IN ABOUT 1853, TWO YEARS AFTER THE CRAFT HAD CROSSED THE ATLANTIC TO COMPETE AT COWES.

This model was on exhibition recently at the Guardship Studio, Church Street, Chiswick, with other models, figure-heads, and paintings and prints of sailing-ships. It is thought to have been constructed in 1853; and, as far as is known, it is one of the only three contemporary models existing; the others are in the South Kensington Museum and the New York Yacht Club. "America" took the Cup to the United States in 1851, and there it has remained at the New York Yacht Club.



ANCIENT ART IN GUATEMALA: A HEAD IN GREY VOLCANIC STONE—A FINE PIECE OF NATIVE WORK.

Excavating in western Guatemala, Dr. Fred Morton brought to light a number of specimens of ancient art. Amongst them was this head carved out of grey volcanic stone. It is legitimately described as a fine piece of work.



MADE DURING THE WEI DYNASTY (220-265 A.D.): A SHI-TZU GNAWING AT ITS RIGHT HIND-LEG.

This, also, is to be seen at Messrs. Yamanaka's. The piece is unglazed, but there are remains of colouring in pipe-clay and red. The height is 9 inches, and the base is 10 inches by 7½.



OFFERED AT CHRISTIE'S ON JULY 12: "PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN"; BY G. B. MORONI.

This picture comes from the collection of the Earl of Yarborough. Sir Richard Worsley said of it: "I have a portrait of his representing a misanthrope or a philosopher—10 sequins."



ONE OF THE GUARDIANS OF THE TEMPLE: A MARBLE HEAD OF LOKAPALA—AT YAMANAKA'S.

"The skill and strength of this sculpture is the master production of the T'ang Dynasty, to which the piece belongs." Lokapala was one of the guardians of the temple. Height, 5½ inches.



OFFERED AT AUCTION ON JULY 12: "THE THREE MUSICIANS"; BY JACOB JORDAENS.



A HANS HOLBEIN AUCTIONED AT CHRISTIE'S: "PORTRAIT OF EDWARD VI."



A MOST FAMOUS PICTURE AUCTIONED: "PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII."; BY HANS HOLBEIN.

The three pictures illustrated above formed part of the collection of Old Masters owned by the Earl of Yarborough, and offered by auction at Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods', on July 12. The Jordaens was exhibited at Antwerp in 1905. It is 44 inches by 41. The verses on the tablet in the Holbein "Portrait of Edward VI." were written by Sir Richard Morysin, the poet

and diplomat. The panel measures 22½ inches by 17. The Holbein "Portrait of Henry VIII.," which is on a panel 39 inches by 29½ inches, was presented by the sister to Sir James Worsley, Knight, Governor of the Isle of Wight, after the King had visited him at Appuldurcombe, then a Priory. It was shown at the Tudor Exhibition in 1890.

The Art of Illumination: An Early 15th-Century Masterpiece.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO.



THE BEDFORD "HORÆ," SHORTLY TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER: AN EXQUISITE ILLUSTRATED PAGE FROM A MANUSCRIPT MADE FOR THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, BROTHER OF HENRY V. (C. 1414).

The Bedford "Horæ," along with the Luttrell "Psalter" (illustrated in our issue of July 6), comes from the Library at Lulworth Castle, Dorset, and belongs to the Weld family. Both manuscripts form lots in a sale to be held at Sotheby's on July 29. The "Horæ" is described as "probably the finest English manuscript Hours and Psalter of its period in existence. The decoration is of absolutely first-rate quality throughout, resembling that of the Chichele Breviary, but much more profuse." It is dated 1414-1435, and was made for John of Lancaster (1389-1435), Duke of Bedford, Anjou and Alençon, third son of Henry IV. and brother of Henry V. The Duke's arms (France and England quarterly) occur in the margin of the above page. He is known to history chiefly as Regent

at the time of the execution of Joan of Arc, and to literature from his appearance in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." (Parts I. and II.), "King Henry V.," and "King Henry VI." (Part I.). After his death the MS. belonged, before 1485, to William Catesby, Richard III.'s councillor, whose arms (added to the original painting) also appear on the above page. This is the first page of the Psalms, and within the initial B (of the word Beatus) is an exquisite miniature of Samuel anointing David in the presence of Jesse (on the left). The script is surrounded by a magnificent bar border containing a beautifully executed Jesse Tree, with incidental figures and that of Jesse himself lying asleep at the foot, and other marginal decoration of flower sprays and animal life.

Floral Attractions of South Africa: A Few

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PINCUSHIONS, BROAD-LEAVED AND NARROW-LEAVED.
(*Leucospermum vulgare*, R.Br., and *Leucospermum lineare*, R.Br.)



GREEN HEATH (STICKY).
(*Erica Urna-viridis*, Bolus.)



RIVERSDALE BUEBELL.
(*Gладиолус Bolusii*, Baker et Burchell, Bolus.)

Species of its Many Beautiful Wild Flowers.

CAPE TOWN, AND BY COURTESY OF THE WILD FLOWER PROTECTION SOCIETY OF SOUTH AFRICA.



LARGE CREAM BABIANA.
(*Babiana macrantha* MacOwan.)



GEORGE LILY.
(*Valota purpurea*, Herb.)



BLUE AND
RED
BABIANA.
(*Babiana
rubreguttata*,
Ker.)

One of
South Africa's
many
characteristic
flowers.



MOSSSEL BAY KALKOENTJES.
(*Trilonia crocata*, Ker.)



BLUSHING BRIDE.
(*Sarruria florida*, Kn.)



AGAPANTHUS.
(*Agapanthus
umbellatus*,
L'Hér.)

A beautiful
species of
South African
lily.

Continued.]
such a limited area is
an index to the remark-
able variety of wild
flowers in the Union as
a whole, which is ap-
proximately six times
the size of the United Kingdom. The early travellers, who were keen flower-lovers, such
as Thunberg, Niven, Masson, and Burchell, were enthusiastic about the flora of South
Africa, and they returned to Europe with many species which are now thoroughly
acclimatised in the gardens of England and the Continent, such as Pelargonium,
Agapanthus, Amaryllis, Tritonia, Nemesis, Isia, Gazania, and Crinum. To-day the
South African Wild Flower Protection Society has brought home to the people of
(Continued opposite)

Few visitors to the Union of
South Africa return without
happy recollections of the beau-
tiful flora of this Dominion,
particularly those fortunate travellers who are able to leave our shores when the gloom of the
northern winter sets in. At that season of the year the southern springtime commences, and
it is probably the most favoured period for enjoying the galaxies of wild flowers which grace

the mountain slopes and the
valleys of South Africa. Accord-
ing to an authoritative work
("A Book of South African
Flowers," by Barclay, Bolus, and Steer—The Specialty Press of South Africa, Limited, by whose
courtesy the charming studies on this page are reproduced), there are no fewer than 22% flowering
plants in the Cape Peninsula alone, an area of about 200 square miles. The profusion of flora in
(Continued below left)

Continued.]
South Africa the wonder-
ful asset which the
country possesses in its
flora, and rigorous pro-
tective measures are en-
forced by law to preserve
the rarer species. The work of propagating these species is also being carried out on
scientific lines in the South African National Botanic Gardens at Kirstenbosch, near
Cape Town, and considerable research is conducted in this respect at Kew. It is
also interesting to record that certain varieties of South African wild flowers are
being successfully reared in Hyde Park, through the enterprise of the Park's
Superintendent. A further series of these wild blooms will appear in a later issue.

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JOHN MORDAUNT, 1st EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Recently purchased by Spink & Son, Ltd., and sold to Mr. A. J. Nesbitt, of Montreal, who intends hanging it in the Tudor Hall of the department store of James A. Ogilvy's, of Montreal.

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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. WILMER STULTZ.
Piloted Miss Amelia Earhart on her Transatlantic flight. Killed, with two companions, in an aeroplane crash at Long Island on July 1. Was "stunting."



DR. J. MITCHELL BRUCE.
The well-known doctor. Died on July 7. Born, 1846. Wrote much, including a work on *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics, and engaged in medical journalism.



PRINCE GEORGE AT SOUTHEND: NAMING THE NEW LIFEBOAT, "GREATER LONDON," AND BREAKING THE CUSTOMARY BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

Prince George visited Southend-on-Sea on July 8. He opened the pier extension, named the new Southend lifeboat, and attended a luncheon. Later he went to Shoeburyness, to open the Children's Convalescent Sunshine Home.



MR. C. P. SCOTT.
Editor and Managing Director of the "Manchester Guardian." Has resigned the editorship, which he held from 1872. Remains *Governing* Director of the paper.



MR. E. T. SCOTT
New Editor of the "Manchester Guardian." Son of Mr. C. P. Scott. Except during the war, on the paper's staff since 1912, and has other experience. Aged 45.



THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH: THE CAMBRIDGE ELEVEN.
In the back row (from left to right) are: A. H. Fabian, G. D. Kemp-Welch, B. H. Valentine, H. R. W. Butterworth, G. C. Grant, and W. K. Harbison. In front (left to right) are: E. T. Killick, J. T. Morgan, M. J. Turnbull, E. D. Blundell, and S. A. Block.



THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH: THE OXFORD ELEVEN.
In the back row (from left to right) are: E. M. Wellings, H. M. Garland-Wells, N. M. Ford, and the Nawab of Pataudi. In the centre row (l. to r.) are: E. T. Benson, P. G. T. Kingsley, A. T. Barber, A. M. Crawley, and C. K. Hill-Wood. In front are: P. J. Brett and P. F. Garthwaite.



THE "PATHFINDER" FLIGHT: MESSRS. LEWIS A. YANCY AND ROGER Q. WILLIAMS.
The monoplane "Pathfinder," with Messrs. Roger Q. Williams and Lewis A. Yancey aboard, took off from the sands at Old Orchard, Maine, for Rome, on the morning of July 8. The flight was expected to last from forty-five to fifty hours. Some surprise was felt on the 9th, as no news of



MR. A. G. HAZLERIGG, THE ETON CAPTAIN FOR THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.



MR. D. A. M. ROME, THE HARROW CAPTAIN FOR THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.



PRINCESS HINDIA, THE NEWLY-BORN DAUGHTER OF EX-QUEEN SOURIYA OF AFGHANISTAN.

the aeroplane had come to hand since the start of the flight.—Princess Hindia, who was born while the ex-King and Queen of Afghanistan were in flight, arrived at Marseilles with her mother the other day, as we note elsewhere.

A GREAT PERIOD OF SPORT: THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS, HENLEY, THE KING'S CUP AIR-RACE, WIMBLEDON LAWN-TENNIS.



THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: H. M. PAYNE BEATING HIS OWN RECORD IN THE MARATHON RACE.



THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS: L. FACELLI, THE ITALIAN WHO SET UP A NEW RECORD IN THE 440 YARDS HURDLES.



THE WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP AIR-RACE: FLYING OFFICER D. F. W. ATCHERLEY ("R. Llewellyn") AT THE END OF THE EVENT.



THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE OVER A COURSE OF OVER 100 MILES: MISS SPOONER, WHO LED THE WOMEN FLIERS AND FINISHED FIFTH, WITH AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 105.1 MILES AN HOUR.



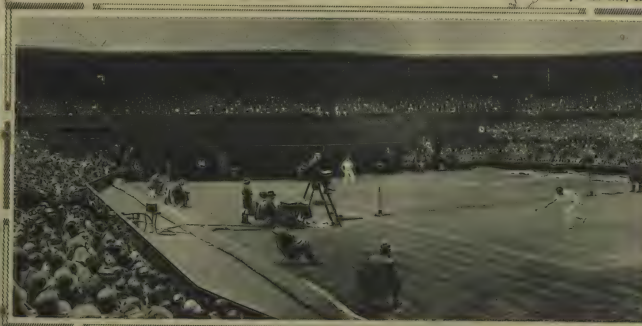
THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE MEN'S DOUBLES—W. J. ALLESON AND J. VAN RYN, OF THE U.S.A., THE WINNERS; AND I. C. COLLINS, OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE LOSERS (LEFT TO RIGHT).



HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP WON BY BROWNE AND NICHOLS SCHOOL, OF THE U.S.A., FROM THE THAMES ROWING CLUB—IN 7 MIN. 28 SEC.



CELEBRATING A WIN: THE BROWNE AND NICHOLS SCHOOL EIGHT THROWING THEIR COX INTO THE WATER, ACCORDING TO THEIR CUSTOM.



THE GREAT GAME IN THE FINAL OF THE MEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: H. COCHET, OF FRANCE (LEFT), IN PLAY AGAINST J. BOROTRA, OF FRANCE, WHOM HE BEAT 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.



AFTER THEIR FINAL: J. BOROTRA (LEFT) AND H. COCHET, THE NEW CHAMPION.



HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: L. H. F. GUNTHER, OF HOLLAND, AFTER WINNING THE DIAMONDS.



HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: THE FINISH OF THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP—LEADER CLUB BEATING THAMES ROWING CLUB BY 2 LENGTHS, IN 7 MINUTES.



THE FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES: MRS. M. WATSON AND MRS. L. R. C. MICHELL, OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE WINNERS; AND MRS. B. C. COVELL AND MRS. D. C. SHEPHERD-BARRON, OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE LOSERS (LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE MIXED DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: I. C. COLLINS AND MISS JOAN FRY, OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE LOSERS; AND MISS HELEN M. WILLS AND F. T. HUNTER, OF THE U.S.A., THE WINNERS (LEFT TO RIGHT).



AFTER THE FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: MISS HELEN M. WILLS, OF THE U.S.A., THE WINNER, RECEIVES A CUP OF WATER FROM MISS HELEN JACOBS, OF THE U.S.A., THE LOSER.

The annual Championship Meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association opened at Stamford Bridge on the evening of July 5, and was concluded on July 6. In the Marathon Race from Windsor to London, a distance of 26 miles, 385 yards, Payne beat the record he set up last year, finishing in 2 hr., 34 min. 34 sec.; that is to say, beating his previous time by over 3½ min.—In the 440 yards hurdles, L. Facelli, of the Italian A.F., was first, in 53.2-5 sec., as thus set up a new British and championship record. The previous best was 54 sec., by Lord Burghley in 1926. Lord Burghley ran second to Facelli.—The King's Cup Air Race was won by two members of the British Schneider Trophy Team, Flying Officer D. F. W. Atcherley, who flew as "R. Llewellyn," with Flight Lieut. G. Stainforth as navigator. The winners, who were flying a Gloster Grebe two-seater, averaged 150.5 m.p.h. throughout the two-day course of over 100 miles. Three women started, Miss Winifred Spooner, Mrs. H. Butler, and Lady Bailey. Miss Spooner was fifth.—Henley Royal Regatta, which

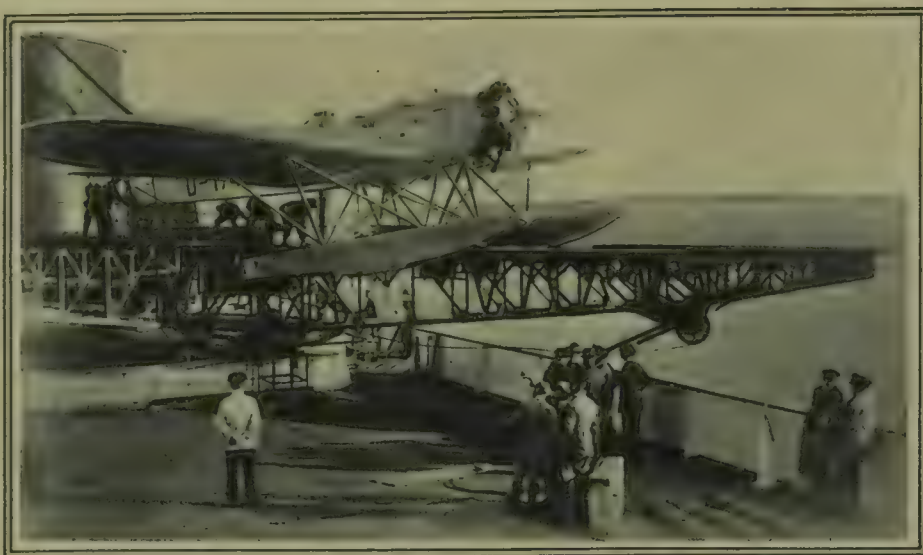
finished on July 6, saw some very good racing, and was altogether a successful function despite a certain amount of doubt as to the weather. Great interest was taken in the performances of the Browne and Nichols School eight, who won the Thames Challenge Cup from the Thames Rowing Club by 1½ lengths. The public were much amused, incidentally, by the eight's habit of joyfully throwing their cox into the water after every win; quite, it may be added, to that youngster's enjoyment. In the final of the Diamond Challenge Sculls, L. H. F. Gunther (Roos-Zeilvereniging de Amstel, Holland) beat J. Wright, jun., of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Canada, and won by 3 ft. in 8 min., 42 sec.—The Men's Doubles Championship at Wimbledon was won by Messrs. Allison and Van Ryn, who beat Dr. Gregory and Mr. Collins 6-4, 5-7, 6-3, 10-12, 6-4. The Women's Doubles was won by Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Michell, who beat Mrs. Covell and Mrs. Shepherd-Barron 6-4, 8-6. In the final of the Women's Singles Championship Miss Helen M. Wills beat Miss Helen Jacobs 6-1, 6-2.

FROM BUS TO "BLIMP" AND 'PLANE: TRANSPORT OLD AND NEW.



A "BLIMP" LANDED IN AN AMERICAN RAILWAY-STATION YARD, IN ORDER TO TAKE A RAILWAY-PASSENGER ABOARD: THE LITTLE DIRIGIBLE READY FOR THE EMBARKATION, BY THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN.

The first of these two photographs shows an incident at San Bernardino, California, when the small dirigible pictured landed beside a train in the railway-station yard, in order to take aboard a passenger who, obviously, continued by air the journey he had begun by train. The second



A "CATAPULT" FOR SHOOTING AN AEROPLANE FROM A LINER, THAT PASSENGERS MAY MAKE QUICK LANDINGS OR BRIEF AIR-TRIPS: A 'PLANE AND THE STARTING DEVICE ON THE "BREMEN."

photograph illustrates the latest manner of launching aeroplanes from liners, in order that passengers may make short air-trips or land before the vessel reaches port and so save valuable time. The device is a form of "catapult," and from it the aeroplane is shot into the air.



CELEBRATING ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF BUSES IN LONDON: THE OLD "TIMES" KNIFE-BOARD BUS OF 1850 IN THE AMUSING PROCESSION OF JULY 6.



LEADING THE BUS CENTENARY PROCESSION: A REPRESENTATION OF THE PIONEER "SHILLIBEER" OF 1829—YORKSHIRE STINGO TO THE BANK.



THE LONDON OMNIBUS CENTENARY: THE GARDEN-SEATER OF 1880—WITH PASSENGERS WHO PAID THEIR SHILLINGS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

Last week London celebrated the centenary of the appearance of the omnibus in the Metropolis, and there figured in a procession a reproduction of the pioneer "Shillibeer" of 1829, which ran from the Yorkshire Stingo to the Bank—in this case well "manned" by members of the T.O.T. Dramatic Society; an old "Times" knife-board of 1850, with straw-covered floor; and a garden-seater of 1880. Further, there was an "Old Bill" described by one correspondent as "a sort of mixed grill of war and pre-war," and, with it, was a khaki "Old Bill" with a war-time girl



SCORING GERMAN ROADS IN ORDER TO GIVE THEM AN ANTI-SKID SURFACE: A MACHINE THAT GOES TO WORK IN BERLIN IN WET WEATHER AND STAMPS ROUGH SQUARES IN THE ASPHALT.

conductor. Then, to emphasize the great changes that have taken place, were four post-war types, from the K to the six-wheel, covered N.S., which seats 68. It was arranged, it may be added, that the old buses should ply for hire at a fare of a shilling a ride, for the benefit of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. The celebrations lasted from July 3 to July 6.—In very sharp contrast is the last photograph on this page, which gives an excellent idea of a most elaborate machine for scoring asphalt roadways in Germany, with anti-skid squares.

"SHOOTING" BIG-GAME BY CAMERA: ITS ADVANTAGES OVER THE RIFLE.



A LEOPARD STALKING ITS PREY: A VERY RARE FILM PICTURE, AS THE ANIMAL IS NOCTURNAL, AND FEW UNCONTROLLED AND UNAFRAID WILD LEOPARDS HAVE EVER BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED.



UNAFRAID OF MOTOR-CARS: SOME OF THE 300 LIONS LEFT UNMOLESTED BY THE CARLISLE-CLARK EXPEDITION BEFORE THEY FOUND THE "BIG FELLOW" REQUIRED AS A MUSEUM SPECIMEN.



UNLUCKY IN LOVE! A LION GAZING WISTFULLY AT TWO OTHERS (MALE AND FEMALE)—HIMSELF APPARENTLY THE PREFERRED MALE, BUT DRIVEN OFF BY ONE OLDER AND STRONGER.

Strong protests have been made of late, in letters to the "Times," by the Hon. Denys Finch-Hatton and Mr. James I. Cox, against the wholesale slaughter of African game from motor-cars; and both writers referred to a recent speech of the Prince of Wales in which he said that he did not care at all for "the idea of going out in a motor-car to massacre game." Mr. Finch-Hatton also criticised certain authorities for not preventing what he calls "massacres" of lions by "gunmen in motor-cars," of whose feats he cited glaring examples. Recommending big-game photography as preferable to shooting parties, he wrote: "For success it requires an equal knowledge of the quarry's habits; equal skill in tracking and in finding him unawares; greater skill and patience in the actual approach, since the distance at which a good picture can be taken must nearly always be far less than the distance for a safe shot with a rifle. For this reason the picturing of dangerous game animals tends to be more exciting, and it is certainly more educative, than the shooting of them. . . . It is advisable to hunt in pairs; one man takes the rifle and the other the camera. . . . No



"A FINE CITIZEN OF TANGANYIKA": A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MALE LION IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING OF A KIND FOR WHICH AN OPPORTUNITY SELDOM OCCURS.



"MERELY LAZY": ONE OF THE BIG MALE LIONS THAT USUALLY "KEEP BY THEMSELVES"—OFTEN EASILY APPROACHED IN DISTRICTS WHERE THEY FIND FOOD READILY AND HAVE NOT LEARNED TO FEAR MAN.

animal need be killed or wounded unless it attacks." The above film photographs were taken in Tanganyika by Mr. G. Lister Carlisle, jun., leader of the Carlisle-Clark Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, whose object was to collect specimens for a lion group for the Museum's new "African Hall." In its journal, "Natural History," Mr. Carlisle describes their experiences in his article "Eleven Weeks in a Lion Pasture." "This was not a sporting event," he writes, "nor a trophy hunt. . . . Our intention was to kill only the limited number of specimens required and just enough of the common varieties of antelope for food. . . . We ranged the country for fifty miles in every direction, and inspected, probably, 300 lions, but the lion of our dreams was found only on the last day. . . . Lions are not afraid of cars, if they do not wind them and hear no human voices. . . . If the approach is skilfully made, they evidently decide that it must be an elephant." Mr. Carlisle is strongly opposed to unnecessary killing of wild game, and he pays a high tribute to the Game Commissioners of Kenya for their efforts to prevent promiscuous slaughter. "It was not intended," he says, "that man should completely cut the stream of animal life that has come down to us from the distant time that Professor Osborn portrays with such interest and accuracy, and this expedition was planned to collect with one hand and to preserve with the other. . . . The American Museum and its representatives . . . are at the forefront of the wave of conservation."

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

The Art of Wearing Fine Jewels.

Some people believe that the art of wearing many jewels with distinction is a gift of the gods, and it is certain that to carry a tiara with ease and distinction requires practice, while modern hair-dressing demands that skill be exercised in arranging a crown or jewelled head-dress so as to achieve smartness as well as magnificence.

Lady Londonderry is always quoted as being one of the beautiful women who can carry jewels in the "grand manner," and she made a superb figure at the reception which she and Lord Londonderry held on the eve of the opening of Parliament. Her tiara is actually a crown which goes all the way round the head, and is rendered comfortable for the wearer by a clever arrangement of a small plaited strap of braid exactly the colour of her hair. This takes the weight of the tiara and holds it steady by passing across the crown of the head. The superb Londonderry heirloom diamond stomacher and diamond and drop-pearl necklace combined with long diamond ear-rings and her Orders and decorations to complete Lady Londonderry's jewels, and made her a dazzling figure as she stood at the top of the staircase in her white satin picture dress and received every distinguished supporter of the Conservative party.

Model Gardens for Royal Ladies.

The Queen's interest in gardens is well known, and she admires flowers in art as well as in nature, for she views practically every notable exhibition of water-colour paintings of flowers and gardens. It was not, therefore, surprising that her Majesty should have paid an early visit to a show of the latest form of table decorations, the Model Gardens which Miss Sybil Pitman is exhibiting with her water-colours at the Claridge Gallery.

These miniature gardens evidently pleased her Majesty, for to the joy of the artist she purchased two. One was in the Italian style, showing the corner of a garden with a lake in the centre surrounded by clumps of lilies, and with the figure of "The Boy with a Thorn" seated at one end, while the other is called "The Rhododendron," as it contains a perfect model of a bush in full flower with purple iris at the foot.

Princess Mary shares her royal mother's enthusiasm for flowers, and gardens, and is also the possessor of one of these tiny models.

Miss Pitman's work makes a charmingly gay addition to any room, as the colourings are exquisite and the flowers perfect copies of nature. They are fashioned from painted clay and metal, and achieve a decorative effect. One exhibit consists of an apple-tree in full flower with daffodils swaying below, and another shows a corner of an Italian garden with tall cypress trees guarding wrought-iron gates—tiny, but beautifully proportioned. The water-colours by the same artist are all landscapes of the west coast of Scotland, where she lived for many years. The sensitive colourings and the scenes chosen show how Miss Pitman divides her allegiance between the primly formal gardens of England and Italy and the wild Scottish beauty of moor and mountain.

Notable Animal Portraits.

Mrs. Colmore is a first-rate animal artist, and the exhibition of her portraits of horses and hounds at the Gieves Art Gallery proves her skill in getting the likeness to special animals as well as painting delightful pictures. Her equine sitters number among them such celebrities as Felstead, the Derby winner of 1928, The Tetrarch, Tetratema, and others, and in every instance the artist has captured the individuality of her subject.

Mrs. Colmore's equestrian portraits include one of Lady Helen McCalmont, the wife of Major Dermot McCalmont, of Mount Juliet, the owner of The Tetrarch and other famous horses. Lady Helen is shown out cubbing on her mare Clara. She is wearing a dark blue habit, and felt hat to match, and is waiting by the covert side. Another good equestrian picture is the presentation portrait of Lord Stalbridge, M.F.H., with his hounds.

There is an excellent portrait of Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's Ivanhoe. He is a good-looking chestnut, and won a number of races; while in later years Mrs. Whitburn used him to hack about Newmarket Heath when she went out to see the early morning gallops.

Mrs. Colmore has had more than one royal animal sitter, for her horse portraits include pictures of the Prince of Wales's Cark Courier, Princess Victoria's white pony, Dawn, and the same royal lady's delightful Pekingese, who looks curiously exotic in this exhibition otherwise devoted to hunters, race-horses, Arab stallions, polo ponies, and foxhounds.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.



UNUSUAL SUITS FOR SPORTING OCCASIONS: "TUCK-IN" BLOUSES AND TWO-COLOUR SHOES, WORN BY MRS. EUAN WALLACE (WITH GENERAL DE CRESPIGNY), THE HON. MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN, THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE AND LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON (L. TO R.).

Sports suits are simple but very smart this season. Their severity is relieved by vividly coloured scarves and by the brown-and-white shoes, worn with light stockings. In the above photograph Mrs. Euan Wallace, the daughter of the famous sculptor, Sir Edwin Lutyens, is wearing a striking three-piece suit with the cardigan and jumper scalloped at the edges in a most original fashion. A pleated skirt belted over the blouse, and a short little jacket with rounded edges, distinguishes the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, one of the famous "twins"; and the Countess of Carlisle introduces a chiffon jumper with a wool cardigan suit. Lady Moira Lyttelton is wearing a very neat jumper suit bordered with tiny stripes.

Charming Still-Life Incongruities.

the modern love of still-life pictures is an expression of Neo-Victorianism.

Count Michael Torby, the son of the late Grand Duke Michael, is holding an exhibition of his paintings at Walker's Galleries. They are practically all still-life compositions, and owe their inspiration to the Dutch Masters and also to Victorian floral bouquets and furnishings, but, in spite of this "ancestry," they are modern in their deliberate incongruity.

For instance, the alliance of a lobster with shrimps and fruit may be a Dutch inspiration, but only a member of the post-war generation could have proved in paint that the charm of orange tulips in a black vase would be enhanced by a Camembert cheese on a plate near by, or that the elegance of a yellow china cockatoo might be thrown up by the background of a Victorian lacquer tray! Red apples are allied with a dead pigeon, and a striking group arranged by the juxtaposition of Samuel Pepys's prayer-book with some florid Charles II. silver and Limoges plate. All Count Michael Torby's pictures are small, and for that reason will make a special appeal to this generation of dwellers in flats and small houses.

The Feminine Genius for Flight.

Some people express surprise at the number of women who take an interest in the Aero Exhibition. All over the country, however, women are taking to the air and adopting flying as a sport, while experts agree that the traditional feminine lightness of touch

is invaluable when the "joy-stick" is grasped. Women, in fact, show promise of producing a big percentage of notably good pilots, and two entered for the King's Cup Race after only a few months' tuition.

The younger members of society all aspire to owning a Gypsy Moth, and the couples who keep their own 'plane near London include Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness; while Lord Burgh's sister, Miss Eveleigh Leith, is the proud possessor of a recently acquired aeroplane. The London Aeroplane Club includes about a dozen women among its members, and a new flying country club is about to be formed. This will be linked up with ten similar clubs in different parts of England, so that every member automatically becomes free of eleven clubs. Society is already very mobile, but within the next few years it promises to become even more so, and the problem of finding barns in which to house the visiting 'planes at a smart house-party will no doubt soon be another serious preoccupation for hostesses at large country houses.



A BRIDE WITH A TIARA OF CRYSTAL SPIKES: MRS. DENNIS PELLY—FORMERLY MISS ELIZABETH PONSONBY.

Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby had an original and beautiful head-dress at her wedding to Mr. Dennis Pelly. It consisted of a spiked tiara of crystal rising from a wreath of crystal roses.

Photograph by Keystone.

SOAP AS A MEDIUM FOR SERIOUS SCULPTURE.



"RIVALS"; BY MRS. MILDRED SARTELLE DIXON, OF CHESTER SPRINGS, PA.: AWARDED A SPECIAL PRIZE IN THE "STRAIGHT CARVING" GROUP.



"MERMAID"; BY BERTHA J. HANSEN, OF RUTHERFORD, N.J.: AWARDED THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE PROFESSIONAL CLASS.



"INDIAN POTTERY DECORATOR"; BY LELIA PICKERING, OF DENVER, COLO.: AWARDED THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE JUNIOR GROUP.



"DELUGE"; BY WILLIAM VAN BEEK WEST, NEW YORK: AWARDED THE THIRD PRIZE IN THE PROFESSIONAL CLASS.



"CHARM"; BY EDWARD WHITNEY EVANS, OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: AWARDED THE SECOND PRIZE IN THE ADVANCED AMATEUR CLASS.

AN AMERICAN DISPLAY OF SAPONACEOUS ART.



"UNICORN"; BY GRAHAM PECK, OF DERBY, CONNECTICUT: AWARDED THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE SENIOR GROUP.



"DESPAIR"; BY JACK CARROLL, OF JACKSON, MICHIGAN: AWARDED THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE ADVANCED AMATEUR GROUP.

Sculptors have been known to work in less enduring substances than bronze or marble, as, for example, in the butter statue of the Prince of Wales shown at Wembley! As a medium for serious art, soap is something of a novelty with us, although we are familiar with crude and comic examples for purposes of ablution, mainly in the nursery. In America, however, such "figurines" have reached a higher standard. The above photographs illustrate prize-winning works at the Fifth Annual Exhibition of Small Sculptures in White Soap, held recently at the Anderson Galleries in New York. The "Art News" of New York said: "Originally, perhaps, regarded as a mere fad, it has by now established itself firmly in the calendar of New York's interesting exhibitions, bringing forth yearly an enormous number of sculptural exhibits from all sections of the country and from all classes of exhibitors, from school-children to professional sculptors. The

Jury of Award (a distinguished body) . . . is confronted literally with thousands of tiny carvings, from which to select forty-two prize-winners for the 1675 dollars in prizes offered by the Procter and Gamble Company. . . . There are five sections—Professional; Straight Carving, defined as 'work cut or carved with a knife; no other tool used'; Amateurs (for adults over twenty-one); Seniors (for entrants over fifteen and under twenty-one); and Juniors (up to fifteen). . . . The Sponsorship Committee . . . see in this medium an educational aid, a democratizer of the arts, and a simple means at everyone's hand for creative self-expression. . . . The subjects . . . range over a wide field of history, literature, and the arts, religion, and science." Among the portraits were the Mad Hatter and the Duchess from "Alice in Wonderland," and many historical celebrities. It was arranged that the exhibition, after closing in New York, should go on tour.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A CRITIC'S PLAY.—THE GUITRYS.—CRITICS HONOUR A CRITIC.

MR. HUBERT GRIFFITH, my colleague of the *Evening Standard*, has already one remarkable play to his credit. That was "Tunnel Trench," in my opinion the best war play before "Journey's End." He has now again turned to history, and given us a drama of the Russian Revolution, with Lenin, Trotsky, Rasputin, and the Tsar as the central figures, and the murder of the nefarious priest as the central situation. Mr. Griffith, in an introductory word, declares, as it were, his mentality. He takes no sides; he simply narrates events in rapid evolution—we travel from the incipient stage to the attempt on Lenin's life that left chaotic Russia in temporary rudderless turmoil. He omits the tragedy of Ekaterinburg, but otherwise he places before us a fairly comprehensive chapter of history, from which we can draw our own conclusions.

In aspect, "Red Sunday" is a picture as clearly observed as were the events in "Tunnel Trench." But there is this difference. In the latter play we felt that everything was lived—*vécu*, as the French call it so graphically; in "Red Sunday" we have the impression that the drama and the characters are conceived by acquisition. In other words, what Mr. Griffith describes is the fruit of reading and study, not of inwardness produced from real knowledge. The result is a certain frigidity of projection. We are interested in the play and the people. We are thrilled by the laboriously prepared and executed doom of Rasputin—the man fights like a tiger for life—but we are scarcely moved, nor greatly impressed, by the dominating factors of the revolution, Lenin and Trotsky. The Tsar alone seemed to be lifelike in his weakness of a lath painted to look like iron, of a loving father and loyal husband; and the unassuming, sincere way in which Mr. Nicholas Hannen played the part rendered him a pathetic, tragic figure.

In sum, it comes to this: a chronicle play like "Red Sunday" has great merits; as a drama it impels the comparison between an oil painting and a colour print. Its pigment is rich and vivid, but is not sapful. Splendidly produced by Mr. Komisarjevsky, whose creation of the various *milieus* was telling in its sobriety, the actors seemed to feel what they tried to convey. Mr. Robert Farquharson as Lenin, Mr. John Gielgud as Trotsky, Mr. George Merritt as Rasputin, tried with all their power to portray these characters vitally, and Mr. Merritt succeeded best of the three; but we felt the effort—it was as if they were endeavouring to find soul in the words which gave them body for all material. The result was much flamboyant creation, but rarely the vibrating echo from our side. Yet on the whole it was a most interesting evening at the Arts Theatre.

The more one sees of the Guitrys the deeper becomes the impression made by their fine art. They are actors to whom every detail matters, whether it be a word, a gesture, a glance, or a vocal inflection. Their diction is as superb as their gesticulation is picturesque. They never under-act—they do not know what *matinée-lassitude* is—they always find new aspects in the characters they impersonate. Latterly a great change has come over Sacha: he is no longer the boy we all remember in the days of "Mon Père avait Raison." In figure he has become more set—he has "filled out"—and so he has selected parts that are becoming to his riper manhood. Yet the live wire of old is still glimmering in comedy scenes; he conveys a world of meaning

gaiety by his smile, and he loves to toy with the dialogue of his own writing as if it were a spinning-top game. But, imperceptibly almost, he has become more and more like his great father, Lucien.

His Napoleon III.—that live embodiment of all the biographies and pictures devoted to the weird, silent Prince's career—reveals all the qualities that made Lucien's work so unique—that serenity, almost phlegmatic; that sobriety of gesture; that

dream" of adolescence, still the incarnation of "In the spring a young man's fancy..."? I, who have seen her Mozart in *éclipses*—when it overwhelmed Paris (it seems a long time since), when it was played in London (is it three years ago?), and now—can confirm that Mlle. Printemps has never played it so exquisitely before. She, too, has ripened—although her graceful figure and her features are as piquant as ever, and the gloss of youthful joy of living is still blooming over

the whole character—but her conception has become much more profound, more introspective. She no longer treats it as a lightsome vaudeville character, but she turns it into an analysis of youth burgeoning towards manhood. She marks three phases in the evolution of young Mozart with rare penetration. In the first she remains as before, the childish, *insouciant*, petted boy, enjoying life in the happiness of the proverbial sandboy. Then a strange feeling seems to awaken him—he awakens to the eternal feminine. Then comes the third act. The tree of knowledge has shaken off an apple and he has tasted it. Gone is the boy, gone is the lovelorn Werther; a man faces Grimm. The dream is over, life will begin in earnest. That exit with suppressed tears is almost as sublime as the chanting

of the letter in which Yvonne Printemps' lovely voice vibrated in such inexpressibly exquisite tenderness as if for the nonce Weber had lent his Magic Flute to young Mozart.

After thirty years of unceasing, fruitful work as the dramatic chronicler of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Malcolm Watson, beloved and respected by all playgoers, to whom he was a trusted guide, philosopher, and friend, leaves Fleet Street to devote the leisure of his evergreen seventies to playwriting. The Critics' Circle decided that, in memory of his great services to the "Cause," they would offer him a luncheon and a souvenir, a proposal which will be heartily supported by all its members. For Malcolm Watson has nothing but friends among his brethren and in the profession. He is, as Mr. St. John Ervine, the President, felicitously put it, a "White Man"; he lent his pen and his power to propagate all that deserved encouragement in the dramatic world. He was the sponsor of playwrights and players, and he always expressed his candid opinion with a frankness all his own. To be praised by him was a pleasure; but even his censure was temperate.

He knew nearly everybody in the World of the Theatre, and he knew everybody's worth: the artist and the pioneer found in him a champion; the quack and the fraud, a redoubtable antagonist. If the secret were known, a long list of names could be revealed of those whom he helped over the stile and onward in their career. He could write a book of memoirs of encyclopædic value, for his fund of knowledge is as great as his power of expression. For nearly half a century he followed the dramatic movement, and nearly every event of importance has been chronicled by his graphic pen. As a playwright, too—prolific

and versatile—he made his mark, and one of his works, "The Pharisee," produced by Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, deserves to rank with the momentous plays of the 'nineties. Born in 1853, Malcolm Watson is, with Mr. Chance Newton, the sturdiest "veteran" of the critics' fraternity, and, as he is still full of vitality and youthful enthusiasm, we all feel sure that, if retirement will be "*dolce*," it will never be "*far niente*."



"MURDER ON THE SECOND FLOOR," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE: THE ARREST OF JAM SINGH.

From left to right, the chief characters shown are Mr. Frank Vosper (the author) as Hugh Bromilow. Miss Nora Swinburne as Sylvia Armitage, Miss Sara Allgood as Mrs. Armitage, Miss Muriel Ake as Miss Snell, Mr. Ernest Mainwaring as the Inspector, and Mr. Frank Cochrane as Jam Singh.

sparseness of movement; that intensity achieved by quiet dwelling on words and never raising his voice except under stress and great emotion. During the performance of "Mozart," in the third act, when Grimm persuades the young genius, full of his amorous conquest, that he would hurt a man if he stayed in Vienna—that man being Grimm himself—I closed my eyes, and it sounded to my ear as if Lucien were acting the famous scene between father and son in "Mon Père." It was a voice cunning, exhorting, paternal, impressing. When the homily was over and Mozart had surrendered, I lost the illusion, and, behold!



"EXILED," MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S NEW PLAY, AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE: THE TRAMP, WHO HAS LAMED SIR CHARLES DENBURY'S HORSE ON THE MORNING OF THE RACE, TURNS NASTY WHEN QUESTIONED.

On the left is Mr. J. H. Roberts as Mr. East. Next to him is Mr. Brember Wills as A Tramp. On the right is Mr. Lewis Casson as Sir Charles Denbury.

in the note of triumph there was the rejuvenation of Grimm, there was the Sacha of old gloating over his moral victory in Machiavellian devilry; the son, as it were, marked the affinity with a difference. Despite his paternal heritage, he could still be Sacha after all!

And Yvonne Printemps, the adorable "Mariette," how does she play Mozart now that the years of the play begin to count? Is she still the "maiden's



Southwards after Summer.



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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: ENGLISH DOMESTICITIES—WOODEN DISHES AND PLATTERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE appearance of the famous Saffron Walden Mazer Bowl at auction has served to remind me of the large class of wooden utensils that are generally

an admirable guide to etiquette this, and full of the soundest advice: "Talke not when you have meate in your mouth, and do not smacke like a pig—nor eat spoonemeat so hot that tears stand in your eyes. It is very uncourtly to drink so large a draught that your breath is almost gone, and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself. Throwing down your liquor as into a funnel is an action fitter for a juggler

indispensable aids to polite eating. But it would be possible to fill many pages with quotations, commencing with the most charming mediæval instructions such as Hugh Russell's "Booke of Nurture" and Chaucer's "Prioressse," and ending with "The Pickwick Papers."

Let us return to "treen," however, remembering that their interest lies not only in their shape, but in the power that resides in them to evoke a picture of how our ancestors lived in their ordinary workaday world, and not as they appeared when dressed up in their best clothes.

It is not safe to be too definite in dating these pieces, but the following may be taken as reasonably accurate. In Fig. 1, on the extreme left, is the earliest type of trencher—simply a square piece of wood, with no concessions to either elegance or convenience: sixteenth century certainly, and possibly earlier. That on the extreme right is the next stage—still a square of wood, but with a raised circular rim: a unique piece this. The other three platters in the same row are undoubtedly sixteenth century. In these types the plate portion is scooped out, with, in the centre piece, an additional

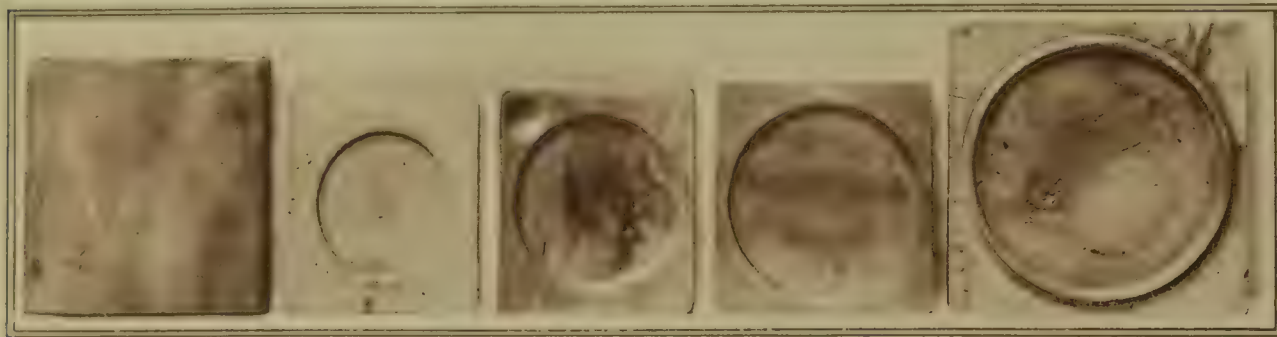


FIG. 1. THE EVOLUTION OF WOODEN PLATTERS: SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLES—(EXTREME LEFT) THE EARLIEST TYPE, A SIMPLE SQUARE TRENCHER; (EXTREME RIGHT) THE NEXT STAGE, A SQUARE WITH CIRCULAR RIM; AND THREE OTHERS WITH THE PLATE PORTION SCOOPED OUT—THE CENTRE ONE HAVING AN EXTRA HOLE FOR SALT.

referred to as "treen," and which once formed the most usual service of the table in the average house. This must not be taken to suggest that neither pottery nor pewter was in general use in mediæval times—they most undeniably were—but it is not an exaggeration to claim for "treen" the main burden of the household duties. Perhaps the following quotation will serve as a rough guide to the change in the social habits of the people brought about by increasing prosperity. Harrison, writing towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, says: "There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain which have noted three things marvellously altered in England within their sound remembrance." One was "the multitude of chimneys lately erected"; another was the use of mattresses, beds, and pillows in place of a straw pallet and "a good round log"; and the third was the exchange of the wooden platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver.

It is obvious that a discarded wooden dish has not a very good chance of survival. An earthenware plate may be broken and thrown on a farm-house midden, but the pieces will survive; but the wooden utensil will in most cases find its way to the fire. This is sufficient to explain the rarity of examples such as are illustrated here. What is perhaps surprising is not that wood was superseded by pewter and earthenware, but that it survived for so long—right down to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

It is impossible to handle these rough but well-made dishes and trenchers without trying to visualise something of the social manners of the time in which they were made. One cannot, of course, regard them as works of art; but they are most certainly fascinating historical documents. I will go so far as to suggest that no collection of domesticities, however modest, can be considered complete without corresponding illustration from contemporary literature. The search will prove amusing and illuminative. John Evelyn, for example, is an essential witness; here is a note in his Diary, from 1652: "Invited by Lady Gerrard, I went to London, where we had a great supper; all the vessels, which were innumerable, were of porcelain, she having the most ample and richest collection of that curiosity in England."

Here is an extract from "The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet of Rarities," published in London in 1653—

than a gentlewoman. In carving at your own table, distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear very decent and comely to use a fork; so touch no meat without it." All very definite and decorous!

hole for the salt. In Fig. 2 the little platter placed second from the right is very slightly hollowed (not very obvious in the photograph) and stands on a shallow raised foot: a rarity, and quite

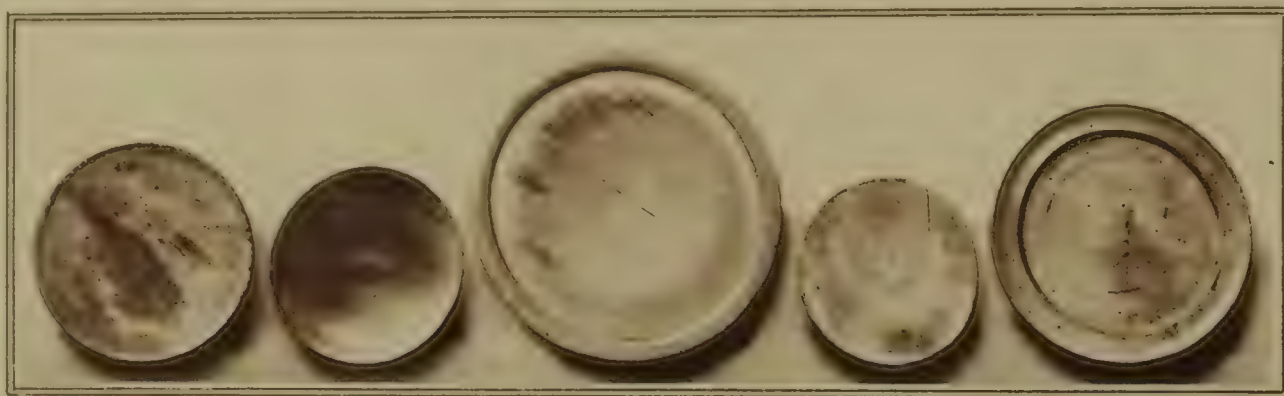


FIG. 2. LATER DEVELOPMENTS IN WOODEN PLATTERS: (SECOND FROM RIGHT) A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE, SLIGHTLY HOLLOWED; (ON THE LEFT) THREE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PIECES; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TYPE RESEMBLING THE MODERN PLATE.

Forks were coming into general use about this time: the earliest English hall-marked table-fork, dated 1632-33, was acquired for the Victoria and Albert Museum five years ago. Again one must not jump to conclusions and say that forks were unknown

early—sixteenth century, anyway. The rest of the platters in this row are seventeenth-century examples that become nearer and nearer what we consider an ordinary plate in that on the extreme right, which is early-eighteenth century.

In Fig. 3 the earliest dish, that in the centre, is sixteenth century, or possibly earlier; that on the right is early seventeenth century; and the oval dish on the left, with its groove and slot for gravy, belongs to the early eighteenth century.

In addition to platters and dishes, one can find cups, spoons, mortars and pestles with which to grind spices, deep bowls of every size, like those immortalised in the nursery story of the Three Bears, and—very rare indeed—painted trenchers, quite flat, and apparently intended for fruit. One set of six of the Elizabethan period has a verse painted on the back of each: evidently one ate dessert, turned over the trencher, and burst into song. Here is one verse—

Thou gapest after dead men's shoes;
But barefoot ye art like to goe.
Content thyself and do nott muse.
For fortune saith it, must be soe.



FIG. 3. "TREEN" OF THREE CENTURIES: (CENTRE) A WOODEN DISH OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY OR EARLIER; (RIGHT) AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PIECE; (LEFT) AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE, WITH GROOVE AND SLOT FOR GRAVY.

before this date; what one can say is that it was only in the seventeenth century that they became

Our ancestors would seem to have taken their pleasures sadly!



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

SUSAN ERTZ breaks fresh ground in "The Galaxy" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). It is a novel of singular breadth and distinction, the

best she has written. It covers the lives of a group of Victorians, lives lived out between the Crimean War and the present day. The Deverell family was entrenched in the small squirearchy when Laura was born in 1862, and she lived to see "trade" and the American marriage enlarge its boundaries after stubborn opposition from the diehards. Laura and her brother James emancipated themselves painfully from their father's domestic tyranny in the house in Kensington

Square. James, a delicate creature, by nature a rebel, fell by the way; but Laura lived on, enduring, courageous, and inspired by her questing philosophy. She was constant, with vanities and self-seeking surging about her, and through the hurrying changes that she encountered in her sixty years. The people in "The Galaxy" are types of their age and successive generations, as well as individuals drawn with a sympathetically intimate touch. Character, as Miss Ertz traces it, may be modified, but it is still the character with which one is born. "I like my life to be orderly," says Laura in the eighteen-nineties, and you see the gentle dignity of the child Laura persisting. "The Galaxy" is a beautiful piece of work.

"Summer Holiday" (Constable; 7s. 6d.) is not less admirable in another genre. Naomi Royde-Smith, too, has made triumphant excursion into fresh country. Her aptitude for comedy is brilliantly in evidence, but it is tragedy that descends upon the little middle-

class Skinners. Winnie Skinner was hot-blooded and ignorant, and there was a flaw somewhere in her heredity, a flaw that is subtly suggested while she is living with Dad and Mum over Dad's chemist's shop, before they all set out together on the fatal seaside holiday. Winnie fell madly in love—it was adolescent first love—with the leader of the hotel orchestra, and the seaside holiday, as she rocked through it, was vivid with heightened sensation, from desire and ecstasy to despair. When George Esdaile infatuated her she pursued him with her youth and ardour, and when she was disillusioned she broke to madness. The full force of Miss Royde-Smith's talent is directed upon the spectacle of Winnie, crude and sensitive, rushing blindly to disaster. The cumulative effect of it is tremendous.

In "The Helmers" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.) Elissa Landi deals with another sensitive; but there the resemblance between Winnie Skinner and Valie Helmer begins and ends. Miss Landi (as befits an authority) demonstrates charm; Valie's charm undoubtedly comes through. Valie in the world was, as a man who loved her said, full of "the craziest ideas of honour and duty." Valie in her secret heart was a mystic, a day-dreamer, resolving into the stuff of which legendary saints are made. "The Helmers" is worked out with great

feeling, and it is a book of unusual attraction. That may also be said of "Procession" (Cape; 7s. 6d.); but it is the extraordinary agility of Miss Hurst's plot-building that attracts rather than anything alluring about the characters. She is, indeed, almost too agile; her mastery of the craft of the short story is positively acrobatic. In these five longish (or middling - short) stories, you can admire her somersaulting from the high trapeze to the sawdust, while spotlights dazzle and the air is vibrant with emotion. "Procession" is nothing if not emotional.

After the women's books comes "Grand Manner" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), which is as distinguished as its title; and a novel, by the way, that could only have been written by a man. Its masculinity is unmistakable.

Perhaps that is because Louis Kronenberger has been peculiarly precise with the technical details of kingship, and because he has elaborated his king's verisimilitude with the most careful art. It is hard to realise that Rudolph of Wesa is not hidden somewhere in the history books. Its irony goes with insight. The essence of "Grand Manner" is its exploration of the spirit of the stumbling, suffering man who wore the royal dignity over his stricken heart and lacerated pride. "Grand Manner" is an ambitious thing supremely well done, and it is, of course, an amazing first novel.

Two notable war books are on the list this month: "Squad" (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), by James B. Wharton, and "Bretherton" (Bles; 7s. 6d.), by W. E. Morris. "Squad" is written by an officer of the U.S. Infantry who served in France in 1918. It is the short, eventful history of the Fourth Platoon of "M" Company, in which Mr. Wharton has framed his composite picture of the American soldier—Swedish, Serb,

[Continued on page 100]



MAJOR W. E. MORRIS,
Author of "Bretherton: Khaki or Field-Grey."



MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG,
Author of "The Sleeping Fury."



MISS SUSAN ERTZ,
Author of "The Galaxy."
Photograph by Yevonde.



MISS ELISSA LANDI,
Author of "The Helmers."
Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.

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TO BE SEEN FROM THE TRAIN WINDOWS: ZEBRAS
IN KENYA COLONY.

AFRICA has always had for the European the fascination of the unknown. To the Romans it was the land from which "something new" was always to be expected, and the mystery of its unexplored interior drew throughout the centuries that followed a series of explorers and adventurers whose accounts were often regarded as more fanciful than they deserved to be.



7647 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL—AND ON THE MAIN LINE TO UGANDA: MAJI MAZURI
(GOOD WATER) STATION, ON THE KENYA AND UGANDA RAILWAY.

It was not until the latter half of the nineteenth century that reliable accounts of the territories now known as Kenya and Uganda were obtained, and the vague tales of the Mountains of the Moon, near which the Nile had its source, were to some extent confirmed. Explorers, like Burton and Speke, visited Uganda from the south; and the missionaries Krapf and Rebmann reported the existence of the snow-clad mountains, now known as Kenya and Kilimanjaro, nearer the coast; but it was not until the beginning of the present century that the territory began to be familiar to the outside world.

Railways have everywhere played an important part in opening up new territories, and nowhere has this been more strikingly exemplified than in East Africa, where the building of the Uganda Railway, between the years 1896 and 1902, literally discovered a new country. In cutting its way from Mombasa to Lake Victoria to establish a route to Uganda, it revealed the existence of the hitherto practically unknown healthy and fertile uplands of what is to-day Kenya Colony, and opened the way to the development of large unoccupied areas by European settlement. The railway was a true pioneer; it had to establish its own police force and magistrates, its own schools and medical services, and it was round the railway depôts at Nairobi and Nakuru

Congo, and, by way of Tanganyika, to Rhodesia and South Africa.

Travel in East Africa thirty years ago was an enterprise not to be undertaken lightly. Wheeled transport was impossible, and a visit to Uganda involved months of arduous and often hazardous foot "safari," followed by weeks in open canoes. To-day, the journey is done in a little over two-and-a-half days

in comfortable trains equipped with sleeping and restaurant accommodation, and on up-to-date steamers with every modern convenience. The Mountains of the Moon can be reached in two more days by motor over an excellent road, at the end of which the traveller will find himself in a comfortable and well-equipped European hotel. The same applies throughout the territories: rail and road give easy access to all parts, and the days of the porter caravan, except for those who wish to follow game in more inaccessible districts, are a thing of the past.

And yet, with all the advance of civilisation, much of primitive African life remains, to form one of the chief attractions of the country. In the towns, the old and the new, the aboriginal savage and the latest product of Western civilisation meet in amazing and disconcerting contrast; but let him go a few miles into a native reserve, and the visitor finds himself

IN THE LAND OF "SOMETHING NEW": KENYA AND UGANDA.

that the two most important up-country towns grew.

The progress of the two territories in the last quarter of a century has been phenomenal. The railway, built more from political than economic considerations, proved within a few years to be a valuable asset instead of the liability it was expected to be, and has grown from a single line connecting the coast with the lake to an important system with branches to all the principal centres. Its steamship services on the three lakes provide through connections to the Sudan and the Belgian

back in a stage of civilisation as old as Africa. Among such tribes as the Masai, flocks of cattle and goats represent the wealth of the community; their skins form the clothing and their milk and blood the main articles of diet, and, though contact with Europeans,



AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NINETY MILES AWAY:
A TELEPHOTO VIEW OF MOUNT KENYA—FROM NAIROBI.

and Government schools and training centres are gradually having their effect, there are still ample opportunities for observing early tribal modes of life.

In Uganda, on the other hand, the native is on a different plane. His cotton or coffee plantation has brought him wealth and a taste for products of civilisation, represented by a bicycle and gramophone, and the gaudy raiment of his womenfolk. But everywhere, whether among the more advanced or more backward peoples, there is a smiling welcome for the visitor, and a keen readiness to satisfy his curiosity.

To the sportsman or the student of wild animal life few countries present more attractions. Zebra, hartebeest, wildebeest, gazelles and ostriches, and occasionally giraffes, can be seen from the windows of the train as it crosses the Athi Plains before reaching Nairobi; while larger game—elephants, buffaloes, and rhinos—can be got at no great distance from many centres. Trout are plentiful in several of the up-country streams, and excellent sport can be had in the Nile below the Ripon Falls, at Jinja.

A network of good motor-roads covers both Kenya and Uganda, and there have sprung up at all the main centres comfortable European-managed hotels from which the visitor can make trips into the surrounding country; while clubs, both sporting and social, abound.

Climatic conditions for the greater part of the year are ideal in the highlands of Kenya, and, while it is hotter and more tropical at the coast and in Uganda, it is nowhere oppressively so, and, with ordinary precautions, the climate need present no terrors to the visitor.

From October to March is the best season, when dry, sunny weather can be guaranteed and all roads are passable. For those, therefore, who wish to spend the English winter months in comfortable travel among novel scenes and interesting surroundings, a visit to Kenya and Uganda, either direct or as a continuation of Egypt and the Sudan, or South Africa, should not be missed.



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MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S NEW HAYMARKET COMEDY.

MR. St. John Ervine has given such noteworthy hostages to serious drama with "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg," plays of a grave and even tragic cast, which handle life faithfully and relentlessly, that he, if anyone, has a right to disport himself with light comedy, and bid for a popular success, the more so when his gayer mood permits him to hit off an entertainment so consistently full of liveliness as his "First Mrs. Fraser," and to fit at the same time such favourites as Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Marie Tempest with parts that enable their shining talents to combine in the happiest collaboration and contrast. Who cares if for once Mr. Ervine has tackled a more or less familiar theme, and chosen a story not without its share of artificiality; his humour and his clever stagecraft invest theme and story with sufficient freshness. No doubt in a real world there would never have been a meeting between the first and the second Mrs. Fraser—between the wife her childish and egotistical Scots husband forsook, and the heartless little cat in whose society he tried vainly to remain young. And, though we can conceive that so blandly ingenuous a person as James Fraser might seek his first wife's help to secure riddance of his second, it is difficult to believe that this first wife, Janet, would carry altruism so far as to blackmail the other woman into carrying out an elopement. But comedy-writers must be granted their premises, if we are to be allowed to laugh throughout their plays; and Mr. Ervine handles his main trio of persons so ingeniously and light-heartedly that we are ready enough to give him his head. Miss Tempest is provided by him with a character in which she can show feeling as well as a sense of fun, and Mr. Ainley finds it possible to fill out a portrait rich in conscious and unconscious humour. These two artists, and Miss Ursula Jeans and Mr. Robert Andrews in younger rôles, help the play with just the acting so enjoyable a jest deserves.

The phenomenal success of the new "B.P." spirit has given rise to suggestions that it contains "dope." The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd., wish to deny this categorically. They guarantee that the new constituents in this petrol are derived entirely from their own crude oil, and that the finished product remains a pure hydro-carbon.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXV.

[r4rk1; ppp2pp1; 2s4p; 3p3s; 3P1q1B; 2PB1P2; PP1Q1P1P; R5RK—White to play and win.]

It can be deduced from the position that Black's last move was Q from Q3 to B5. White plays: 1. R×Pch, K×R; 2. RKtch, KR1; 3. Q×Q, Kt×Q; 4. BB6 mate. If 1. — KR1; 2. RK7ch, etc.

GAME PROBLEM No. XXVII.

BLACK (12 pieces).



WHITE (12 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: r5r; 3Rrkps; Bp2pp1; 2P2p2; 4P1b; 1Q2P3; PP3qPP; 1K1R4.]

We give as our Game Problem this week the ending of a French game. Black had to get out of check, and he not unnaturally interposed his Bishop, whereupon White, in most unneighbourly fashion, mated him in four moves. The problem is: Black plays BK2, and White mates in four.

A RÉTI BRILLIANT.

The following brevity may be familiar to many readers. A similar mate was engineered years before by Maczusi, but without the second variation.

(Caro-Kann.)

WHITE (Richard Réti.)	BLACK (Dr. Savielly Tartakower.)	WHITE (Richard Réti.)	BLACK (Dr. Savielly Tartakower.)
1. PK4	PQB3	5. QQ3	PK4
2. PQ4	PQ4	6. P×P	QR4ch
3. KtQB3	P×P	7. BQ2	Q×KP
4. Kt×P	KtKB3	8. Castles(Q)	Kt×Kt??

White mates in three moves.

[9. QQ8ch, K×Q; 10. BKt5ch, KR1; 11. RQ8 mate. If 10. — KB2; 11. BQ8 mate.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R E BROUGHALL-WOODS (Lusaka, Rhodesia).—In No. 4047 BR6 is defeated by BK4, as the Q cannot then mate at Ktsq.

HUBERT PRICE (Pretoria).—Thank you for problems, which we will examine. In No. 4048 BK7 is answered by RR3, in reply to which the Q must be able to go to the square upon which you place the Bishop.

JULIO MOND (Seville) and DR HESSELINK (Nijmegen).—There is no "rule" against a checking key, though it is unusual, and can only be allowed in a task problem, or to show some interesting line of play which cannot be otherwise exhibited.

BARON CARLO FRANCHETTI (Bibbiani).—We are sorry your letter was overlooked. QQ2 is refuted by BQ6!

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4047 received from George Parbury (Singapore); of N. 4048 from C Chapman (Modderfontein); of No. 4049 from Charles Willing (Philadelphia) and J M K Lupton (Richmond); and of No. 4050 from H Richards (Hove), Julio Mond (Seville), M Heath, T C Evans (London), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and Dr Hesselink (Nijmegen).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXIV. from Senex (Darwen) and T. G. Collings (Hulme); and of No. XXV. from Charles Willing (Philadelphia) and A Edmeston (Llandudno).

Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., of 10, Clare Street, Bristol, and 26c, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1, announce the publication of signed artist's proofs, in colour, of Mr. A. J. Munnings' striking Academy picture of "The Drummer of His Majesty's First Life Guards." The original is in the possession of the First Life Guards, and the signed artist's proofs are stamped by the Fine Art Trade Guild to guarantee the limitation of the edition. These reproductions can be obtained for £6 6s., and each measures 17½ in. by 15½ in.

All makers of motor-car tyres lay great stress on the vital importance of keeping them at the correct pressure. Every motorist of experience knows how rapidly tyres will deteriorate when the pressure is too low, while the discomforts and disadvantages of over-inflated tyres need no comment. Messrs. William Turner and Bro., Ltd., of 44, Eyre Lane, Sheffield, have produced an improved kind of tyre-tester under the well-known Kismet trade-mark. This tester is made in three types—Balloon, Standard, and Giant, each of which retails at 6s. The unique feature of the Kismet tyre-tester is its flat reading surface, combining accuracy with easy legibility. All important parts are heavily plated, which produces a smooth action. Messrs. William Turner and Bro., Ltd., are also the manufacturers of the Kismet Duplex Foot-Pump, an accessory which has saved much loss of breath and temper amongst car owners.



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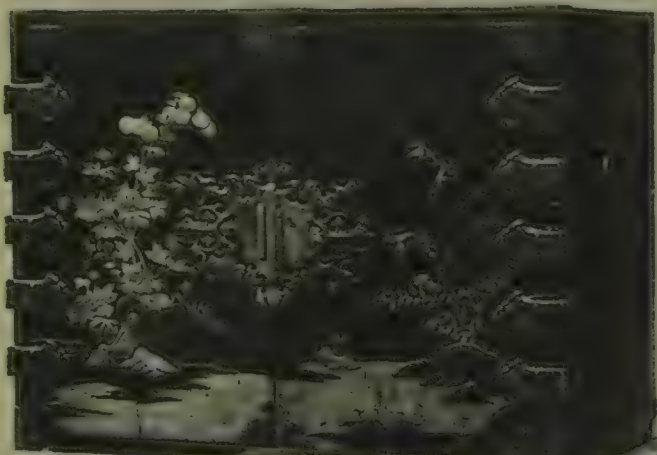
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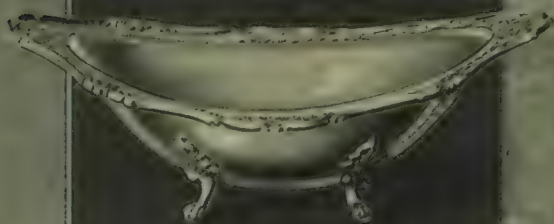
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.—(Continued from Page 96).

Jewish, Italian, Irish, and American-born. It has the stabbing actuality that these autobiographical studies of the war carry with them. It should be read, being one of the most illuminating books on the subject that has come to us across the Atlantic; and, with that, an extremely interesting picture of American war mentality.

And then there is "Bretherton," which is a romance of the war, probably the best that has appeared. There are two sides to it, and the knitting of them must have been a difficult job to undertake. One belongs to the Buchanesque quality in Mr. Morris, which has produced a thrilling main story of extravagant adventure. The other is the realistic account of the British infantryman in France between 1915 and 1918, and his experiences on the fighting front, by Mr. Morris, the eye-witness. There is not the least doubt that "Bretherton" will be a huge popular success.

"The Man Within" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Graham Greene, can be highly recommended to anyone on the look-out for new talent. It presents a craven. This would have been the name for Andrews, in his time, which was the smuggling days a hundred years ago. We recognise him now as a neuropath. After the manner of his kind, he was capable of committing a profound treachery in cold blood, and of rising to the heights of sacrifice at a supreme moment. The Sussex Downs and the sea fog, and Lewes with the Assizes set for a trial for murder, are the background to Andrews' agonised struggle with his innate cowardice and his love for Elizabeth.

"The Secret Room" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), by A. R. Weekes, is disappointing. Mr. Weekes always seems to be on the verge of writing a first-class novel without managing to do it. You can believe in Ladywood and its passages in the walls and its priest's hole, but not the uses to which they are put. You can accept the illegitimate half-brother from overseas, but not the position he is encouraged to assume. Ladywood is credibly picturesque, the fine old English country home. But that Nevil Seymour, the chivalrous gentleman, would have planted the newly married pair in it on purpose to spy on them is nonsensical. One is soon out of sympathy with the whole tribe of Seymours, which is very far from being the author's intention. "The Prince or Somebody" (Knopf; 7s. 6d.), on the other hand, toys with nonsense, but twists it into enchantment. That is the way of Louis Golding. He juggles with strange personalities like a wizard, and when he invents a crazy Prince (who may not have been a Prince at all) and mates him with the woman who stood for a maker of myths, their adventure never ceases to fascinate you. "The Prince or Somebody" is as clever and audacious as any novel needs to be. "Sweet Charlattan" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), by Inez Holden, aims at a satirical purpose, and fails in execution. For one thing, cumbersome sentences trip it up. For another, there is not enough in the megalomaniac Cedric to make a novel.

Martin Armstrong's new book, "The Sleeping Fury" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) is a polished achievement. His Charlotte is a lovely character. The contrasting minx and rebel, Beatrix, is perfectly modelled. Alfred, the gentle religious—the narrow, sincerely religious—is a saintly figure, not without the stubborn weakness of saints. The torments and the raptures of the young men and maidens are young love in flower, rose and thorn.

The mystery novels this month are mainly good. "Murder in the Moor" (Methuen; 3s. 6d.), by Thomas Kindon, and "The Duke of York's Steps" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), by Henry Wade, tie for honours. Both stories arrange the murder in places that most of us may be expected to know something about. Mr. Kindon's villain commits his crime at Okemore Pool on Duke's Moor, which is as near to Cranmere Pool on Dartmoor as you please. Mr. Wade's assassin gets in the fatal blow close to the Duke of York's steps, with the victim passing from St. James's Square to his house in Queen Anne's Gate. These familiar scenes naturally add spice to the dish, and the ginger is contributed by the lively imaginations of both authors, who are experts at the thriller business. "The Ainceworth Mystery" (Benn; 7s. 6d.), by Gregory Baxter, is overdone with automatics. It hands out St. Julian Le Pauvre and Downing Street as local colour, but it is only moderately exciting. The reason may be that its desperate encounters are much too obviously made to order.

NEW LIGHT ON HISTORIC MAN.—(Continued from Page 70.)

of years in the Western Transvaal. All the many inferior petroglyphs outside this area are merely the decadent fringes of this great naturalistic Transvaal art.

As regards the great antiquity of these fine Transvaal petroglyphs, no definite number of years can be fixed. But an idea may be given by comparison with the Aurignacian era of Western Europe. It is variously estimated to have lasted from eighteen thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand years. Its sculptural and pictorial arts are generally considered to be derived from the Capsian culture of North Africa. As I shall show later, these oldest North African petroglyphs are much further advanced in conventionalised and artistic style than those found in the Western Transvaal, and seem to be based upon a technique evolved in South Africa. The most weighty objection to any theory attributing any great antiquity to South African petroglyphs has been the fact that no extinct mammals have previously been recorded among them. The petroglyphs in the Transvaal Museum now furnish incontrovertible evidence of excellent representations of at least ten different kinds of extinct mammals, besides several others the identification of which is somewhat uncertain, on account of their close relationship with recent mammals. It is now evident, from various aspects of these problems, that these particular petroglyphs from the Western Transvaal have a much greater antiquity than those of Western Europe and North Africa. How many hundreds of thousands of years intelligent men, not directly related to negroids, have lived in Africa cannot now be estimated.

The great antiquity of primitive Man in South Africa is continually receiving stronger support. The Mousterian Age in Western Europe has been estimated at as much as a million years back. If the origin of Man is to be looked for in Southern Africa, what antiquity is to be given to that earliest of South African types of man responsible for the Stellenbosch implements? Fortunately, these South African men of the Stone Age have hammered their records into imperishably hard stone, crystalline diabase. Several hundred thousand years of erosion would affect them no more than the stone implements similarly exposed and left by much earlier men in South Africa.

Every blow of their stone tools testifies to their extraordinary imagination and wonderful practical ability. Religious motives have undoubtedly furnished the impelling force for this strictly naturalistic art. So much perseverance and so keen a sense of accuracy in South African primitive Man has even astonished experts. These Stone Age men depicted their animals, often in full action and life-like poses, in a perfection unapproached by any other equally primitive men, and their achievements may be said to rival our conceptions of art at the present day.

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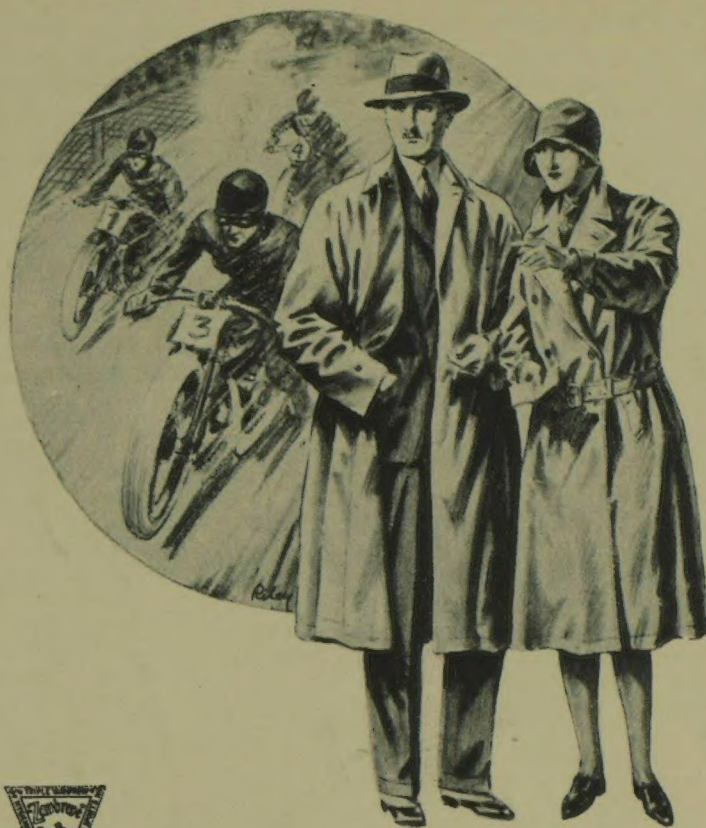
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

POOR MEN'S CARS.

ONE of the most popular descriptions of a certain type of car has for a long time been the Poor Man's Car. Generally speaking, most people assume that low initial cost is the first essential of any car suitable for a poor man. They take comparative lists of prices, and find that for various very moderate sums, ranging from £140 or so to £200, there is a really wide selection to be made by those less lucky people who can only afford to pay so much down.

If you check that list carefully you will generally find that low initial cost need not necessarily mean that the car you choose is the most suitable for people of restricted means. The cars offered for sale between £135 and £200 can differ as widely the one from the other in scope of performance, durability, and economy of running as can any of their more costly sisters priced between £400 and £800.

One Type, the Featherweight. Roughly speaking, the really cheap cars of to-day fall into two classes. One has a comparatively large and not very efficient engine, and the other a very small and, for its size, extremely efficient one. The latter usually costs less than the former to buy, and "on paper" should cost less to run. Myself, I am very doubtful as to the claims of either kind. If you take a very small, very light motor-car, very well built by a firm of repute, costing, let us say, not more than £170, you have got one of the most remarkable machines made. It is generally extremely lively, goes fast on the level, climbs hills with enthusiasm, and very seldom lets you down. As a rule, its only drawback is its cramped accommodation.

—And Another, the Family. For a little more money you can buy a very much larger car whose engine will give you at least as good performance, if not better. It will cost considerably more in petrol, oil, and possibly tyres, but when you have said that you have practically reached the end of your possible conclusions. It would be a very bold man who would definitely lay down which of these two types is likely to give the greater satisfaction in the hands of the averagely-ignorant owner-driver. Initial price apart, it is obvious that the little car can cost quite as much to

run as the big one. The very efficiency of its tiny engine, for example, is a possible source of extravagance. I know of little cars of this type, on which the annual tax is about £8, which have the most astonishing performance. As long ago as very well over a year I had a trial of one which could do a genuine forty miles an hour on the level on the second speed, carrying three full-grown people in a saloon body. It could do well over fifty miles an hour on top.

Where the Money Goes.

Therein lay the source of its extravagance and the danger of its failure to compete with the larger and woollier car. The inexperienced owner-driver, having once tasted the fierce joy of what I have heard described as unbridled acceleration, is not likely long to remain content with keeping the average and maximum speed at the level for which the car was designed. Indeed, the commonest and most pitiful sight on the roads to-day is that of the featherweight baby car being mercilessly flogged along at the utmost capability of its engine, carrying the maximum load. That is where the specially good little car can in the end be beaten by its larger cheap sister. It is no fault of its own—unless you count virtues possible faults. A steady life of this kind must necessarily be a short one. A featherweight car which could withstand the maximum of stress and strain unceasingly for, say, a couple of years, would cost a great deal more than £160, and, except as a curiosity or a toy, it would not be worth buying.

Running Costs Compared.

The car which costs about £200 and has a taxable rating 50 per cent. or 75 per cent. higher, will probably be less exposed to these grave risks of over-driving, and should therefore last longer and cost less in repair bills. Of course, I am assuming that the quality of the material and workmanship is alike in both cases. Against this you have certainly a larger petrol and oil bill. Neither of these items is necessarily of great importance in the expenses account of the average man, but for the poor man who makes real use of his car and rolls up a big mileage every twelve months they may give rise to considerable anxiety. The difference between the petrol consumption year in and year out of the 12-15-h.p. car and the 7-9-h.p. may easily work out at fifteen miles to the gallon, especially if the former carries a saloon body, which it is almost certain to do. If your poor man averages his 1000 or 1500 miles a month, the

difference to be reckoned at 1s. 7d. a gallon may be more than a trifle to him.

Only the Best is Any Good.

I think that, if it were possible to get the average results tabulated, we should find that the real poor man's car turned out to be anything from 8 to 12 h.p., costing anything from £140 to £200. One fact of the highest importance would certainly emerge from these investigations, and that is that only cars made by firms with real experience in this highly specialised branch of automobile production would be of the slightest use to a really poor man.

The Austin Seven.

Some of these considerations occurred to me the other day when, at the request of the Car Mart, Ltd., I took the latest edition of the Austin Seven over one of my trial routes. This little car has made for itself a reputation which can honestly compare with that set up by half-a-dozen of the most famous cars in the world. Its little four-cylinder engine, with its cubic capacity of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a litre, is one of the most successful units of any type ever produced. It is small, although the accommodation in all its forms of coachwork is surprisingly good, and it naturally lacks the driving as well as the driven comfort of its larger rivals in the poor man's class. Yet its surprising efficiency, its capacity for hard work—above all, its reliability, will go on making friends for it so long as it exists. It is a car with personality.

What It Will Do.

The 1929 model has been very little altered, the main difference between it and its predecessors being the fitting of coil and battery ignition, and the provision of more comfortable and certainly better-looking coachwork. On the road it still displays the liveliness which has made it famous. It has a cruising speed of about 35 miles an hour, a comfortable maximum of about 45, and a hill-climbing capacity on second speed on stiff hills which insures for it a very respectable average speed over a long day's run up hill and down dale. As you can buy this car for as little as £130, searching criticism, if any were called for, would hardly seem fair. As it is, the main impression left upon me at the end of the day's run was that of a practical machine capable of really hard work. It is neither a joke nor a toy; but emphatically a poor man's car.

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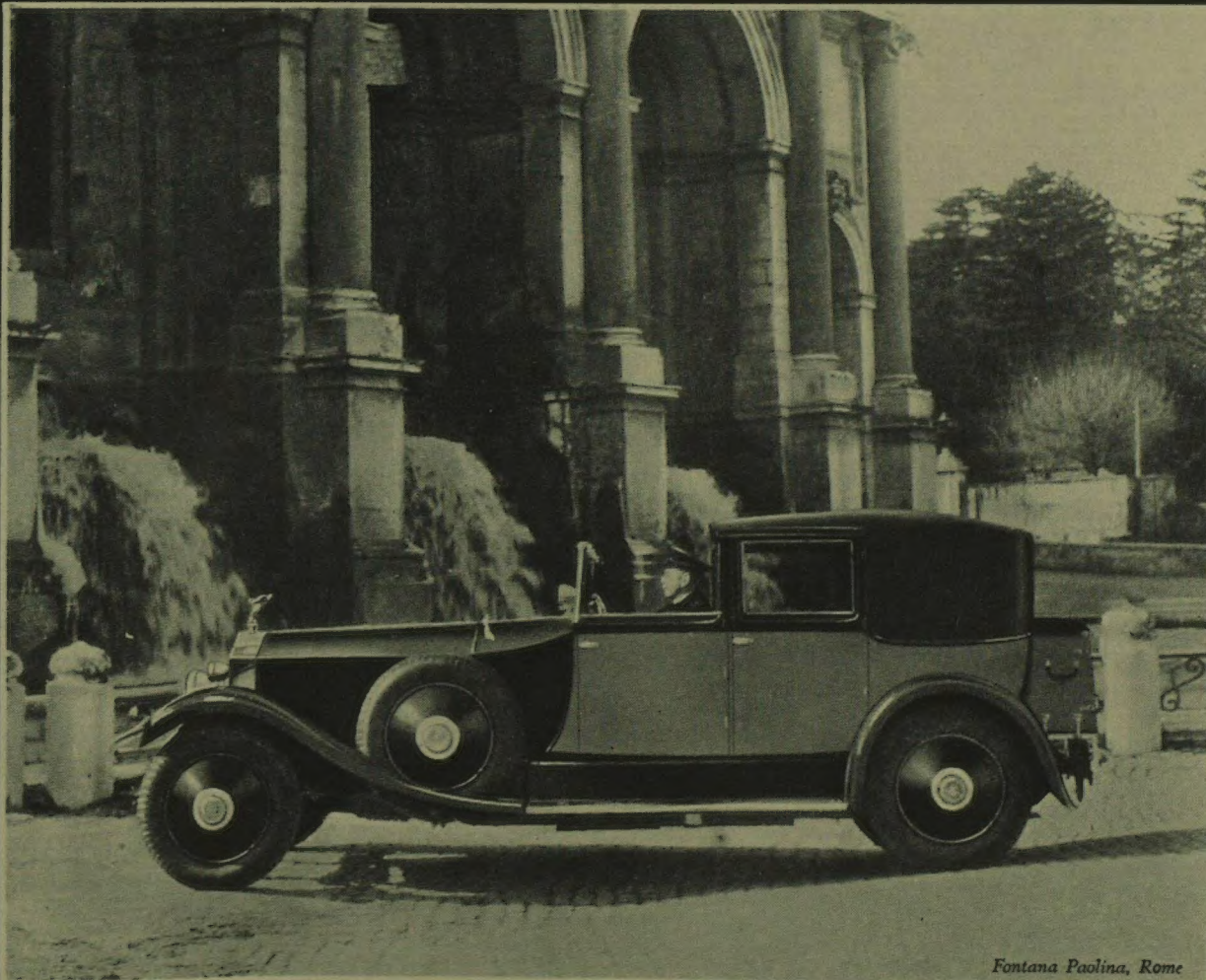
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XL.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

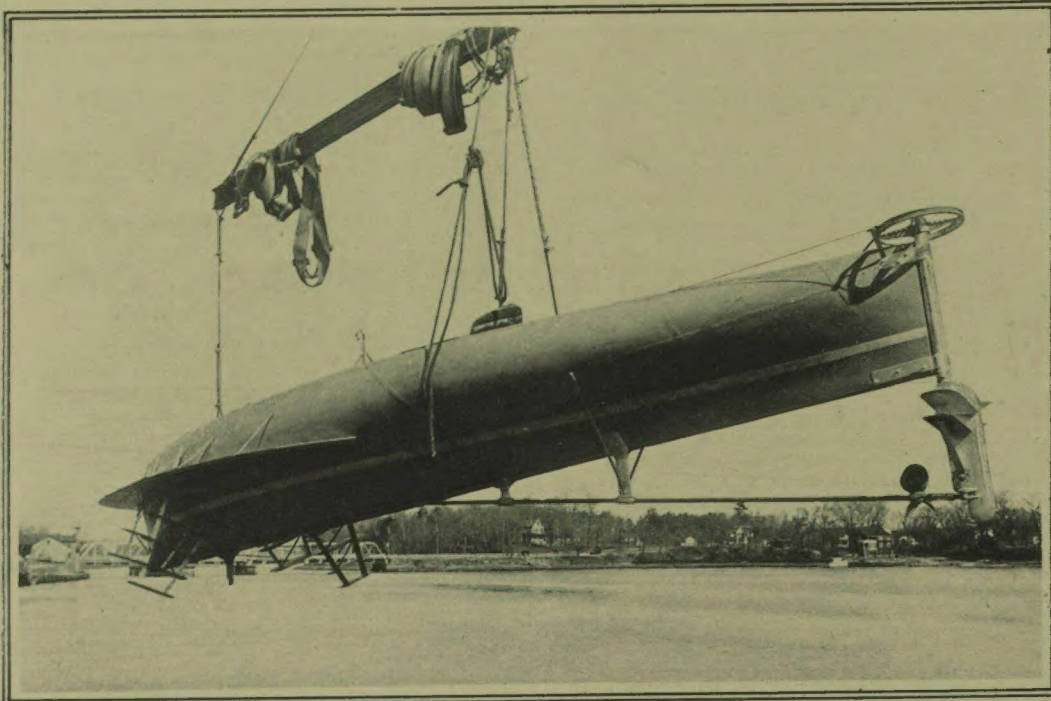
LAST week I pointed out why the present-day skimming-boat is so inefficient compared with an aeroplane. The designers of both are equally well served by the engine manufacturer, yet the former continues to rely on the provision of higher and higher power and lighter and lighter hulls as a means to obtain greater speed, whilst the latter works steadily on improvements in the design of the machine itself.

If reduced to a common weight level, the speeds of the latest racing boats are much the same as those of the original 40-ft. Coastal Motor Boats, which were built in 1916, and they are certainly no better sea boats. In making this statement, I admit ignorance of the speed of *Miss England*, for, as far as I know, she has never been officially timed over the measured mile under the conditions employed by the Admiralty; I doubt, nevertheless, if she could exceed 74 knots, or approximately 85 m.p.h., in which case she would be no exception.

A good way to compare the efficiency of skimming-hulls is to load them to the same weight and the same engine power to see which "planes" at the lowest speed. I hope no one will take this too literally, for this test alone is not enough, as it will afford no proof of that seaworthiness which is so essential and which the modern racing-boat so frequently lacks. It is important for a racing-boat to turn sharply at any speed, for it not only proves her to be stable, but allows her to keep her speed round corners. Many existing skimming-boats can turn well, but most of them sacrifice speed as a result. Now, seaworthiness, stability, and the power to turn

quickly are all intimately connected, and no really fast stepped or stepless hydroplane of to-day can lay claim to all of them.

Except for the addition of one dimension, the conditions in the air are very similar to those afloat, so I must refer again to aircraft in order to prepare the way for my description of the hydrofoil boat.



WITH "WATER WINGS" LIKE "DISTORTED STEP-LADDERS": AN EXPERIMENTAL 30-FT. HYDROFOIL BOAT, FITTED WITH A 220-H.P. ENGINE, THAT ATTAINED A SPEED OF 56 M.P.H. ON ITS FIRST TRIAL.

As an example of the designing difficulties of this type of boat, it may be mentioned that the results above stated do not compare favourably with those of another boat built by the same designer ten years ago.

Practically all aeroplanes use tractor propellers, chiefly, I fancy, because, being in front, they work in undisturbed air; they also have other advantages in that their "slip stream" increases the efficiency of the tail planes, etc. Every part of an aeroplane is designed to work as far as possible in undisturbed air, and, where eddies cannot be prevented, the designer ever tries to turn them to good account. The same cannot be said of the skimming-boat, anyhow in this country, the reason being that, save for

a few brilliant exceptions, it has been "dragged up" by small firms that have not been rich enough (or clever enough) to carry out proper experiments.

In all objects that "plane," the planes should be acted upon by an undisturbed medium. The planes of an aeroplane, like the wings and tail of a bird, form a triangle for this reason, but for no apparent cause boats follow old and obsolete lines. I do not suggest that the existing craft built on the hydrofoil principle are ideal, but the results obtained by them prove them to be a step forward; even a boat supported on three floats like a seaplane possesses great speed possibilities, and, judged from some trials which I carried out a few years ago, good seagoing qualities also.

A hydrofoil boat is little more than a seaplane with small submerged wings substituted for the floats. It is supported, when at high speed, at three points—one at each side forward and one at the stern. These supports provide no buoyancy when the boat is at rest, but act as do the wings of an aeroplane so soon as the vessel gathers way. They are totally submerged when she is stopped, in which state all buoyancy is provided by the hull. In appearance these supports are like distorted step-ladders with every rung shaped like a dwarf aeroplane wing. Actually, of course, they are water wings, roughly 800 times smaller than those of an aeroplane, because water is approximately 800 times heavier than air. They are hydrofoils, in fact, and, as the speed increases, the water pressure against them gradually raises them and the boat out of the water, and thus reduces her "wetted surface" and skin friction. It will be noted that the hydrofoils vary in size and are at different angles. I shall deal with the reasons next week.

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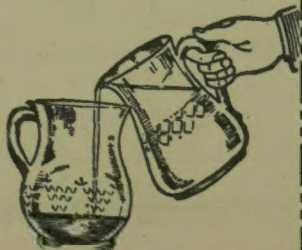
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